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The Bad Little Boys of St. Joseph.

'Tis a pitiful tale of the woes of
The elegant belles and the beaux of
The people who visit St Joseph.
They blush like the rose at the rows of
White, stark-naked bodies of those of
The shameless young lads at St. Joseph
Who bathe where the clear water flows of
The beautiful river St. Joseph.
I'll be frank, and I'll not try to gloss of
An evil that steadily grows of
This wicked set one of the shows of
This salutly old town of St. Joseph.
These swimmers, say they, are the foes of
The morals and peace and repose of
The respectable town of St. Joseph,
They should wash themselves off with the hose of
A hydrant, or we will suppose of
A pump. "Not as any one knows of,"
Reply those bad boys of St. Joseph,
And straightway each one of them throws off
His waist strap, and strips all his clothes off
And dives in the river St. Joseph,
In spite of the "ahs" and the "ohs" of—
Right under the eyes and the nose of
The good folks who visit St. Joseph,
Those shameless young lads of St. Joseph!

Two Pictures.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For lights shine out across the way,
And a door with crape is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Are dwelling side by side—
Perhaps the death of an early one,
And the crowning of a bride.

Bright eyes are filled with mirth,
Pale faces bend in prayer,
And hearts beside the household hearth,
Are crushed by stout despair;
Ah, sorrow, and hope, and joy,
Are parted by thinnest walls;
But on the hearts of the thoughtless ones,
No shadow of sorrow falls!

No thoughts of the funeral train
Come to the festive throng;
No hope that the past will come again,
To the anguished hearts belong;
The future's a sunny sea,
To the lovers of joy and mirth—
But the past alone, to those who weep
For the sundered ties of earth.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For the lights are bright across the way,
And a door with crape is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Confront us on every side;
A wealth of smiles and a flood of tears
With hope and sorrow allied!

—LUTHER G. RHOS.

MRS. DENNING'S HOUSEKEEPER.

"Mother," said Lizzie West, as she entered the pleasant little sitting-room where her mother and sisters were at work, "can you spare me for a few days? Mrs. Lane is not able to sit up yet, and that impudent Bridget has gone off and left her, with everything in the house at sixes and sevens. I thought if you were willing I would go and stay with her for a few days."

"How did that happen? I thought when I called there the other day that Bridget seemed to be contented, and did her work as though she liked it. Is Mrs. Lane worse?"

"She seems feverish, but who wouldn't? I don't really believe she has had anything fit to eat to-day, and poor little Nellie was crying for her breakfast. I found bread that should have been baked yesterday, standing on the kitchen table, spoiled, of course. Bridget had just finished kneading it before she asked for an increase of wages. Mrs. Lane thought she was paying her all she was worth, and told her so; and that she could not afford to give her higher wages at present. Bridget retorted that 'folks shouldn't keep servants who couldn't afford to pay decent wages.' She went to the city on the twelve o'clock train. This morning, Mr. Lane has been all over the village trying to find some one to stay with them until Mrs. Lane is better, but cannot find any one. The girls all seem so afraid of going out to work; even for a few days. May I go?"

"If you wish, Lizzie; I do not want any of my daughters to go out as *servants*, but I could not let a good neighbor like Mrs. Lane suffer, if I had to go myself. I will give you a loaf of bread to take with you, as you will need some to last until you can bake. I am glad I do not have to keep help; they waste more than their wages come to, in the course of a year.

"Lizzie, when will you get your dress done if you go over there?" asked Alice.

"Oh, the dress will answer a while longer as it is. I am glad I did not commence to rip it before I ran over to Mrs. Lane's. As she spoke she took from a chair a pretty brown walking dress, and carried it with her as she left the room. She went to her room to get a few things that she needed, and just as she was ready Mr. Lane stopped at the door.

"I have been making one more trial," he said, "but have failed again. I shall have to go to the city this afternoon and get another girl from the office. Mrs. West, will you let one of your daughters stay with my wife while I am gone?"

"Lizzie was just going over there. I am sorry you have so much trouble in getting help."

Mr. Lane's face brightened.

"Yes, sir," said Lizzie, "and I will stay as long as Mrs. Lane needs me."

"Jump in, then," he said, taking her little traveling bag and tucking it under the seat.

When they had started, he turned to her and said, "I don't know how to thank you enough for this, Lizzie. I dreaded above all things getting a new girl; Agnes is almost worried to death with them now. She might have been well by this time, if she had had good help."

The invalid smiled brightly as her husband laughingly introduced the New Help. Then she began to cry from sheer weariness and exhaustion. Lizzie knew that the best thing for her patient would be a good nap. She made the bed, cleared up the room, and after drawing the curtains to shut out the sunlight, left her to sleep, taking little Nellie down to the kitchen to keep her quiet. She slept so long that Lizzie had ample time to get Mr. Lane's dinner, and put the parlor and sitting-room in order, discovering, as she did so, that the shade of the large lamp was broken, and three pieces of Mrs. Lane's china tea-set. On counting the silver, three of the spoons and as many forks were missing.

"Well, Agnes, how do you feel?" asked Mr. Lane that evening. "This begins to look a little more like home, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, George: I feel perfectly easy now, and will try to get well as soon as possible. You don't know what a relief it is."

"I guess we know something about it, don't we Puss?" he said, picking Nellie off the stool by her mother's sofa, and throwing her up in the air. "By the way, Agnes, did you know the large lamp was broken?"

"Bridget told me the cat jumped on the table when she was cleaning it, and knocked the shade off."

"No s'e didn't," said Nellie, from her father's shoulder. "Nellie seed Bidyit b'ake 'em her own se'f."

"What did she do, Puss?"

"S'e put 'em in a bid pan of hot water."

"The careless thing! Anything else, George?"

"Yes; two of the china cups, and the cream jug are broken, and three of the spoons and forks are missing."

"Only three? Well, she wasn't very sharp or she would have taken more than that; she had chance enough. But I won't fret over that now. If I can only keep Lizzie West until I am strong enough to do my own work again, I'll never have another Irish girl in the house."

At the end of the week Mr. Lane said, "Lizzie, I never thought to ask what you are going to charge for the privilege of making us so comfortable, so I'll ask now."

"I had not thought of that, sir; I came because Mrs. Lane was sick, and I thought I could make her comfortable. I never once thought of wages."

"That may be, but I cannot let you work for us for nothing. We want you to stay a month or two, if you will. We paid Bridget twelve dollars a month. I would willingly give you more if you will stay; your work is worth more than her's, to say nothing of the waste she made. What do you say to fifteen dollars?"

"I cannot tell now, sir; I shall have to speak to mother before I decide."

"Well, let me know as soon as you have made up your mind."

"I hope she isn't going to disappoint me now," he thought to himself. "I thought her above the silly prejudice against work."

Lizzie lay awake a long time that night, thinking over Mr. Lane's proposition. The next evening she went home for a short time, and, as soon as the inquiries after Mrs. Lane's health were answered, she said:

"Mother, I think I shall stay some time longer. Mrs. Lane wants me, and Mr. Lane offered me fifteen dollars a month. I shall stay and be earning something for myself, instead of making one more for father to support."

She thought she understood the dislike her mother and sisters felt toward such a proceeding, but she was not prepared for the reproaches that assailed her on all sides. She tried for a time to answer them quietly and patiently, but at last, turning to her father, she asked him if he would not help her.

"There is no real need of your doing this, Lizzie," he answered, "I should like it, if you could find something your mother would like better. For my own part, I can see no disgrace in what you propose doing; my mother and sister both occupied such positions, and I never knew that they were respected the less for it. You must make your own choice, my daughter, but consider it well before you decide. It may subject you to some very unpleasant slights."

Mr. West was called out to speak to a neighbor, and as soon as the door closed behind him, the girls began again. But Lizzie bravely stood her ground.

"There is no use in talking, girls; if father does not object, I shall go. You say I have no pride. I have pride enough to earn my own living if I possibly can. I can state the whole case in very few words. You all know that father has mortgaged his farm to help Uncle Charles in his trouble; you know, too, that this year it will be nearly impossible for him to pay the interest. I try to get along with as little as possible, but everything counts. Now here I have a good chance offered me, and would be very foolish not to take it. I don't see any more disgrace in sweeping floors and washing dishes for Mrs. Lane, than doing it at home. You know that she is not the woman to treat me as though I had no rights of my own."

"If you are bound to work, Liz, why don't you try to teach?"

"I have neither the taste nor inclination to teach. Besides there are a dozen applicants for every vacant situation. I should stand no chance at all with those who have spent time and money in preparation for the work. You know that my throat and lungs are not very strong, and would last but a short time if I tried teaching. I am sorry you feel so badly, Julia, but I cannot see that I am doing anything wrong."

"You are just as obstinate in this as everything else. You know we shall be out by all our friends."

"No, I don't know any such thing. People whose friendship is worth having will respect me none the less for trying to maintain myself honestly, and others I do not care for. It is useless to talk any longer, it only makes matters worse. I promised to go back to-night, and will go and get ready.

When she came down stairs again her mother and sisters were still in tears. Neither of them returned her kiss or hardly spoke when she bade them "good night." As she passed through the hall her father stopped her and said:

"Lizzie, you will need a stout heart to bear you through; if you find it too hard work, come home again. My children are all welcome as long as I can keep a home for them. It is better for you all to learn to support yourselves, for perhaps you will have to do it sometime. Good night, my daughter."

He gave her a kiss and helped her into the wagon (for Mr. Lane had called for her on his return from the store). She told Mrs. Lane that evening that she had decided to stay as long as they wished to keep her.

"I shall not let you go very soon, then, you are as good as nurse and housekeeper both."

It was nearly three weeks after her visit home that she had occasion to go to the store to do some shopping for Mrs. Lane. While she was sitting by the counter trying to decide which of two shades of merino would make Nellie the prettiest dress, two of her old schoolmates came in. She bowed to them as they approached, but without returning the bow Belle King crossed to the opposite counter. Ada Lee glanced from one to the other in surprise, and then offered her hand to Lizzie, saying:

"It is a long time since I saw you, Miss Lizzie; how are your mother and sisters? I have not had time to return Miss West's call since I came back from the city."

"I think they are all well, thank you," answered Lizzie.

"I shall call on you and your sisters as soon as I can possibly find the time."

Here Bell beckoned to her, and when she had reached her side said in a loud whisper:

"Why Ada, how can you speak to a servant girl in that way? Don't you know that Liz West has gone out to work in Mrs. Lane's kitchen?" she asked, in answer to Ada's surprised look.

"Don't speak so loud she will hear you. How long since? I have heard nothing of it," said Ada, so low that Lizzie could not catch the words.

"She went about a month ago, I believe; the other girls hurt, and tried every way they could to stop her, but she was determined to go."

Lizzie finished her shopping and started for home. In crossing the next street one of her small parcels slipped from her hand and fell to the ground. She was stooping to pick it up, when a gentleman who was crossing in the opposite direction quickly secured it, and after brushing the dust from the white paper, handed it to her with a polite bow. She glanced up to thank him, and met the gaze of his companion. It was a young man who had visited her sister Julia quite frequently. She bowed to him and was about to speak when he bowed haughtily without raising his hat, and passed on. Before she reached Mrs. Lane's door she met with two more slights.

To say that she did not care would be to make my heroine something more than mortal. She was a proud, sensitive girl, and she felt hurt as you or I would, reader.

As she entered the little parlor and laid her purchases before Mrs. Lane, her lips were compressed and a bright spot of color glowed on either cheek. Mrs. Lane noticed the signs of disturbance and guessed the cause, but did not speak of it. It was not the only time that she saw the same expression when Lizzie had been out. She mentioned it to her husband one evening several weeks after, and he said: "I have seen it myself. I do not blame her for feeling hurt, but I felt the other day as though I should enjoy knocking down young Grey, and shutting up Miss Julia until she could learn to behave herself. They were walking up the street the other day, and I was just behind them. Lizzie came out of Smith & Grey's store a few steps in front of them, but did not see them until they were passing her. Julia turned her face the other way, and looked at something or nothing on the other side of the street. Young Grey, the insolent puppy, put up that eye-glass of his, and stared at Lizzie as though she was some great curiosity."

"Alice is the only one of the girls that has called to see her since she has been here. Julia seems to think her far beneath her notice."

"She and Laura are too full of nonsense and false pride for a poor man's daughters. They think Lizzie has disgraced the family, when she is the only one in it who has the pride and self-reliance to earn her own living. I know that the money I paid her last month and the month before went to help West pay the interest on that mortgage Lee holds on his place. You wouldn't catch Julia doing anything like that."

"Lizzie spends every spare moment in reading. I gave her permission one day to use any of the books she liked, and she has planned her work so that she has had nearly an hour every day."

"Good! Give her every chance you can."

"I will; there is much more satisfaction in trying to give her time for reading than in granting Bridget's frequent petitions for an afternoon out. She does the work in much less time, and I have not been obliged to oversee the first thing."

When Lizzie had been with her nearly five months, Mrs. Lane received a visit from her sister. Mrs. Denning was living on the lounge one afternoon when Lizzie came in and sat down at the further end of the room to read. She glanced inquiringly at Mrs. Lane, but as that lady did not seem surprised she said nothing until Lizzie went out to prepare tea. Then turning to her sister with a laugh, said:

"Well, well, Agnes, is this the latest fashion for servants? What will they do next?"

"What do you think of it?"

"I do not know what to think. I was surprised to see her at your table, but now I am astonished. Where did you get her?"

In a few words Mrs. Lane told the whole story, and ended by saying, "I have kept her longer than I really needed her, but I can't bear the thought of her going, I shall be so lonesome."

"I wonder if she would engage with me? If I could only get a good American girl or woman for a housekeeper, I would willingly treat her as you do Lizzie. I think I will make her an offer."

"You will get a treasure if she will, and I think she would go."

Mrs. Denning was true to her word. She offered high wages and said:

"You seem to be fond of reading, and you shall have as good opportunities for it as you have here."

Lizzie accepted her offer, and in a few weeks entered upon her duties. She met with the same opposition at home as on her first attempt, but it cost her less pain to bear it than before. Julia said:

"Liz, you are a perfect fool! That stuck up Mrs. Denning will order you around like any of her other servants, and not let you dare to say your soul is your own."

"I do not think the woman lives that can do that. If Mrs. Denning proves a hard mistress, I have the same privilege that other servants have, I can leave."

"Well, I believe you were cut out for a servant, and nothing else; you are growing dowdy already. I am glad I have a soul above pots and kettles."

A third person would have been amused by the conversation, and the contrast presented by the two girls. Lizzie, with her graceful, erect figure, clear complexion, bright eyes and rosy cheeks; Julia, with her shoulders drawn forward in the latest fashionable stoop, waist pinched up, and complexion sallow from late hours and want of exercise. In reality she was not quite two years older, but she looked at least five.

A stranger would not call Lizzie pretty; her hair and eyes are brown, and her complexion dark but clear. Her nose and mouth are too large to be pretty, but as she stands looking down at Julia, she looks every inch a lady.

She found her position in Mrs. Denning's house rather trying at first; the other servants were jealous and ready to take any advantage they could get. Old servants she found so unwilling to submit to her authority, that, after she had been there a year, she persuaded Mrs. Denning to let her take several young girls and train them herself.

At first she found very little time to read, though, as she had promised, Mrs. Denning allowed her to choose what books she liked from a large and well selected library. She was an early riser, and always spent a few moments in reading, to have something to think of when her hands were busy. She spent a few weeks of each summer at home, and her father looked forward to these visits as the brightest and pleasantest weeks in the year. Her mother overcame her old prejudices and treated her once more as she did before she left home. But Julia and Laura could not be convinced that she had not lowered the dignity of the family. They avoided the mention of her name in conversation if possible, or, if obliged to speak of her called her a companion. This caused their friends much amusement, particularly Ada Lee, who, from the time of their meeting in the store, had cultivated Lizzie's acquaintance. She heard from her father how Lizzie had assisted Mr. West to pay off the mortgage on his farm, and being a sensible, affectionate girl, at once decided that the friendship of such a girl was worth having. She had visited her at Mrs. Lane's, and since her removal to the city had kept up a correspondence that was a source of great pleasure to them both.

In one of her letters she said:

"Lizzie, if you have time, will you try to write something to print? I showed one of your letters the other day to a friend who edits the —— *Monthly*. After reading it, he asked, 'Does your friend write for the press?' I told him I thought not. 'If she can write such letters as that, she is capable of something more. Ask her to send me an article for the —— *Monthly*.'

"Will you try, dear Lizzie, just to please me?

"Always your friend,
"ADA."

Lizzie answered: "I have often wished I had time to write, Ada, but I get so little that I have not attempted anything more than a very short article, upon a subject which very much interests me."

Ada wrote again: "I am at your service, Lizzie; send your rough sketches to me, and I will copy them for you. I can do that though I have not brains enough to compose for myself. You can really do me a favor if you will. I have more time than I know how to use, and it is at your disposal."

In this way Lizzie became a contributor to two of our most popular magazines. Ada was delighted and aided her in every way she could. She managed to keep up an acquaintance with Julia and Laura, though as she confessed to her father, "it was hard work."

"I want them to know how famous Lizzie is getting, but she will not let me tell them. I hope when they do find it out I shall be present. I want to see what they will do."

When Lizzie had been with Mrs. Denning three years she was much surprised one day by receiving a call from a bachelor friend of Mr. Denning's who had seen her in his frequent visits to that gentleman, and, as he thought, fallen in love with her. He was forty-five years of age, very wealthy and very proud.

He made a formal and business-like offer of his hand and heart; but with such a condescending air that she felt like boxing his ears.

Nothing could equal the crestfallen air with which he left the room, after receiving a polite but decided refusal.

"Where is your friend Graham, why does he never come to dinner of late?" asked Mrs. Denning of her husband one evening.

"I have asked him several times, but he always pleads an engagement. I strongly suspect that Lizzie could tell why if she chose."

"Why, you don't think ——?"

"That he has proposed and been rejected? Exactly."

"She must be crazy, to refuse him. Why, any girl in our set would jump at the chance. What an establishment he could give her."

"That may be, but she is not the girl to sell herself for an establishment. She has read his character correctly, I think. He is proud enough to think she ought to feel honored by his preference, and say, 'Yes, sir; thank you,' the moment he proposed."

"she can't do any better."

"That is for her to decide."

Only a few weeks after this Mrs. Denning was surprised by a visit from her half-brother, Ralph Cleveland. He came lounging into her sitting-room one morning, saying:

"Kate, I think I'll settle down to some kind of business, and stay at home now."

"It is nearly time; you have wandered about long enough. Do you think of marrying? With your good looks and fortune, you could choose anywhere."

"Yes, I know all that; but I want some one that will care for poor Ralph when his good looks and money are gone."

"Your old friend Gussie is still unmarried."

"Bah! who wants a doll? I want a good, true-hearted woman. I came here to find her, Kate."

"Not Lizzie!"

"Yes, Lizzie. Agnes has told me her story, and I came to try my luck. What is the matter, don't you like the idea?"

"Lizzie is good enough for you or any one else, but—I shall wish she were not my housekeeper, if you succeed."

"Afraid of Mrs. Grundy? Pshaw, Kate, I thought you were not afraid of what people say."

Mrs. Denning did not answer, but her usually pleasant face wore a frown.

"Come, Kate, you just said she was 'good enough for me or any one else,' and I am sure she is a woman no man living need be ashamed to call wife. But I am talking as though I felt sure of success. I do not at all. Your husband told me yesterday that he thought she had refused Graham. Is it so?"

"We only think so. Lizzie is not the girl to talk of such a chance, if she had it. I would as soon think of asking Mr. Graham himself, as of asking her."

"She is not looking for money, then, or she would not have done that. Well, I shall try at all events. What will you do, Kate?"

"Let you alone. I shall neither help nor hinder. You must do it all yourself."

I have not space to tell a love story now, so the reader must fill it up to suit him or herself. One day, three months after the above conversation, Julia (now Mrs. Grey) was much astonished, during a call at her mother's, by the news that Lizzie was coming home to be married.

"Who in the world is she going to marry? Some coachman or waiter, I suppose; that would be just her style. What is his name, nothing Irish, I hope?"

When she was married, two years before, Lizzie had not been informed until the wedding was over, and now, in return, Lizzie had requested her parents not to tell Julia who she was to marry.

Ada Lee was at this time engaged to her friend, the editor, and after a consultation with Lizzie it was decided that they should have a double wedding.

Lizzie wrote: "Mrs. Denning wants to give me a grand wedding, but I do not wish to make a show for people who come to criticise my dress and see the *housekeeper* who is going to marry her brother, and do not care two pins whether I am made happy or miserable for life. The plan you propose suits me exactly."

Lizzie did not meet Ada's lover until the evening before the wedding. She looked at him again and again, trying to remember where she had seen him before, but for a long time she could not think. At last it flashed across her mind, and just then he said:

"Miss West, I am certain that I have seen you before, but where I cannot think. I have a good memory for faces, and yours is one not easily forgotten, but I cannot place it."

"I believe you picked up a bundle for me once in the street. You were walking with my present brother-in-law, Mr. Grey. I believe I was so much offended at his behavior that I forgot to thank you. He could not afford to be civil to a *servant girl*."

To say that Julia was amazed when she found who Lizzie's husband was, and that she had become so well known by her writings, would give but a feeble description of her state of mind. She and Laura are now Lizzie's most devoted admirers, and "My sister, Mrs. Cleveland, is quoted on all occasions."

Why Ears Should Not be Boxed.

In "Physiology for Practical Use" (D. Appleton & Co.) we find the following: There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. * * * And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially that adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane he could scarcely devise a more efficient means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way.

THE CORN CROP.

An Increase of 3,000,000 Acres in Area Reported--The Crop generally in Good Condition.

It appears from returns to the U. S. Department of Agriculture that an increase in the corn area of fully 2,000,000 acres is apparent, or 6 per cent. above the breadth of last year. The percentage of increase is largest in the South. The increase in acres is largest in the West. The returns make the grain in Iowa over 360,000 acres, in Missouri about the same, in Illinois above 200,000 acres, in Indiana fully 200,000 acres, in Kansas about 170,000 acres. Georgia shows almost as large an increase as Iowa and Missouri; Alabama, 180,000 acres; Mississippi, 120,000 acres; Texas, 200,000 acres. The inducement to enlarge the corn area of the cotton States appears to have been less influential in the Mississippi Valley than in the more eastern States, Georgia particularly. The increase in Texas is simply due to the natural expansion of the crop areas from immigration, and is equally noticeable in cotton and other crops. The number of States reporting a decrease in area is small, including only Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, West Virginia, Kentucky, and California. In Northern New England a late unfavorable spring interfered with planting, and in Louisiana the area is less by reason of the overflow. The States making increase are as follows:

Maryland, Virginia and Wisconsin	101
Pennsylvania, Ohio and Nebraska	102
Massachusetts and Oregon	103
Connecticut, North Carolina and Illinois	104
South Carolina and Michigan	106
Indiana	108
Iowa	109
Mississippi and Minnesota	110
Alabama and Arkansas	112
Kansas	114
Georgia	115
Tennessee	116

The condition of the corn is generally good in the West, but elsewhere variable. Only Massachusetts, of the Eastern States, reports an average condition. Only Pennsylvania, of the Middle States, and Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Texas, of the Southern States, report the same. Minnesota is an exception in the Western States, reporting 94, and California and Oregon fail to give a full average. The per centages of condition above average are as follows:

South Carolina	101
Massachusetts, Florida, Michigan and Kansas	102
Maryland and Iowa	104
Illinois	105
Texas	106
Indiana and Nebraska	109

The States averaging 100 are Pennsylvania, Georgia, Wisconsin, and Missouri. On the Northern Atlantic coast the late planting and cold storms are the causes of a somewhat inferior condition, though the color is generally good and the present growth promising. The inundations, soaking rains, and consequent replantings in the Southern States make the appearance of corn quite variable and account for a condition below the average in certain States, while in others, such disadvantages existing in a less degree, they have been overcome by good culture and good weather. There is complaint of local drouth, but it is not of long continuance nor does it involve wide areas. It has been most serious in Arkansas, some counties having had little or no rain in two months. In the Ohio Valley there is some complaint of drouth; in West Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, and in some parts of Illinois, and to some extent also in States west of the Mississippi. So far the injury from this cause throughout the country is less than usual. Cut-worms have been generally injurious and chinch bugs in the West, where, after devastating wheat fields, they have attacked corn vigorously in many localities.

Henry Ward Beecher's Love Letters.

As to Mr. Beecher's love letters, said a gentleman whose official business has led him to receive and open much of Mr. Beecher's correspondence, you would be surprised to know how foolishly some women write to him. Every once in a while some woman gets a little crazy and writes to Mr. Beecher to tell how much she adores him. The letters used to go to the *Independent* office, and Tilton, under orders from Mr. Beecher, opened them. Many of them he made copies of, and to-day has manuscripts and names, and copies of letters, all connected with respectable ladies who have foolishly written to Mr. Beecher all about their love for him. Some time ago a very respectable lady of Brooklyn wrote a warm, loving letter to Mr. Beecher; Mr. John Howard, in the *Christian Union* office, under general instructions, opened it, and seeing what it was, locked it up to give to Mr. Beecher when he should call for it. In a day or two another letter from the same woman arrived, which referred to a letter which the writer said Mr. Beecher had written to her in reply. Every sentence was full of love, and the lady said that nothing delighted her more than to receive a letter from a man she loved so well. She wrote a number of love-sick epistles, which Mr. Howard locked up one after the other. Every letter except the first referred to a reply that had just been received from Beecher; whereas the fact is that Mr. Beecher did not know of the letters having been received until long after the lady had ceased writing, and then the bundle was delivered to him. He receives love letters by the ream and cord, and the joke of it is that as his wife takes care of all letters that come to him, she reads the love letters before he sees them.

Somewhat Afflicted.

In a Richmond newspaper we find report of a commission *lunatico inquirendo* in the case of Preston Walker. He told the examining physician that when he deserted his wife, some years before, he had been "tricked for it." From the time when the March winds began to blow, until December, he felt "something begin at his feet and run up to his head, and then start back and run to his feet again." He didn't say that he suffered much from this, but it was "rather troublesome," and cut him off from most of the pleasures of life. The doctor told him seriously that as soon as he left the jail the trick would go into one of the prisoners, at which announcement he exhibited signs of intense relief; and he was ordered to be discharged.

An Indian Belle.

Topin, daughter of Kicking Bird, chief of the Kiowas, is described as "a lively, piquant little thing, with arch, soulful eyes." She is but twelve years old. Shall I describe her wardrobe? First and most rare, her buckskin cloak, fringed and spotted all over with elk's teeth, and very rare and costly. Two of them are valued at a mule. There were 500 on her cloak. Think of wearing 250 mules on one's back. Paris and New York are outdone here. A skirt, sometimes of buckskin, sometimes it is a plain shawl, bought from the traders, completes her toilette.

THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

What Mrs. Cady Stanton has to Say in the Matter.

A reporter called on Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton at her residence in Tenafly, N. J., for the purpose of eliciting facts in the great scandal.

"I am perfectly willing to be interviewed," remarked the lady with a smile.

"Can you tell me when you first learned of this affair, Mrs. Stanton?"

"I have a shocking poor memory for dates, and will therefore not endeavor to fix the exact date; I think, however, it was a year before Mrs. Woodhull published her statement that I knew of the matter. Not all the details, you understand, which have since come to light, but the story in substance."

"And are you willing to tell in what manner you came possessed of this knowledge?"

"Certainly. Some time—I think it was in the fall of the year, though I won't be positive—while Mrs. Bullard was still connected with the *Revolution*, Susan B. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Bullard, and myself were in Brooklyn together. It was afternoon; and after calling at the office of the *Revolution*, Mr. Tilton and myself accompanied Mrs. Bullard to her residence, and remained to dinner.

"Through some misunderstanding, Miss Anthony went with Mrs. Tilton, and dined with her instead of us. There was some feeling on the part of Mrs. Tilton in regard to this, although it was quite unintentional on my part. Well, at the table—no one was present but Mrs. Bullard, Mr. Tilton, and myself—Theodore told the whole story of his wife's faithlessness. As I before observed, he did not go into the details; but the sum and substance of the whole matter he related in the hearing of Mrs. Bullard and myself. We were reformers. He gave us the story as a phase of social life."

"This was the first you had heard of it?"

"This was the first. The next evening, hearing that Miss Anthony was a little piqued at me for leaving her on the day before, I returned to my home here in Tenafly. To my surprise I found Susan awaiting my arrival. That evening, when we were alone, I said to her: 'Theodore related a very strange story to Mrs. Bullard and me last evening.' Then I recounted to her all that he had told us. Miss Anthony listened attentively to the end. Then she said, 'I have heard the same story from Mrs. Tilton.'

"We compared notes, and found that by both man and wife the same story had indeed been told."

"What were the particulars of Mrs. Tilton's confession?"

"I will tell you how it was made. When Mr. Tilton returned home that evening some angry words—growing out of the separation in the afternoon—passed between him and his wife. Both became intensely excited. In the heat of the passion, and in the presence of Miss Anthony, each confessed to the other of having broken the marriage vow. In the midst of these startling disclosures, Miss Anthony withdrew to her room. Shortly after she heard Mrs. Tilton come dashing up the stairs, and Mr. Tilton following close after. She flung open her bedroom door, and Elizabeth rushed in. The door was then closed and bolted. Theodore pounded on the outside, and demanded admittance, but Miss Anthony refused to turn the key. So intense was his passion at that moment that she feared he might kill his wife if he gained access to the room. Several times he returned to the door and angrily demanded that it be opened. 'No woman shall stand between me and my wife,' he said. But Susan, who is as courageous as she is noble, answered him with the words, 'If you enter this room it will be over my dead body!' And so the infuriated man ceased his demands and withdrew. Mrs. Tilton remained with Susan throughout the night. In the excitement of the hour, amid sobs and tears, she told all to Miss Anthony.

"The whole story of her own faithlessness, of Mr. Beecher's course, of her deception, and of her anguish fell upon the ears of Susan B. Anthony, and were spoken by the lips of Mrs. Tilton.

"The next morning Mr. Tilton told Susan never to enter his house again. She told him she should enter whenever she chose; but I believe she did not go there again."

"By Mr. Tilton's cross-examination," observed the reporter, "it appears that Mrs. Tilton was far from friendly to Miss Anthony. How could she have made this confession to her?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Tilton thought a great deal of Miss Anthony, of Mrs. Ballard, and all these ladies. I was very intimate with her before Mrs. Woodhull's thunderbolt. At the time of our first knowledge of the affair, Mr. Wilkeson also heard of it. He besought the ladies not to make it public. To him it was a matter of money. He was a stockholder in Plymouth Church, in the *Christian Union*, and in 'The Life of Christ.' Now, the destruction of Mr. Beecher would be the destruction of all these. As Mr. Wilkeson expressed it, 'It would knock 'The Life of Christ' higher than a kite.' Hence his concern in keeping the matter secret."

Mrs. Tilton read the above interview with Mrs. Stanton, and throwing aside the paper, said to Mr. and Mrs. Ovington, with whom she is still staying, "How false all that is."

The Sadness of Suicide.

A heart-rending history finds its ending in the story of the suicide of a young wife at Fonda, N. Y. There is an untold volume—a romance of a life's history full of promise and hope at the beginning, perhaps—and an ending in the suicidal death. Mrs. Anna Jefferson, a wife who had not yet budded from her girlhood—whose age was only fifteen—killed herself by taking arsenic, and domestic troubles are the alleged cause for the act. The very words of the dispatch—"this was the second attempt, the cause being the refusal of her father to support her unless she would leave her husband, which she declined to do"—seem to stand out boldly in testimony of her grief, and one reads the announcement over again in doubt of its truth. Yet the sad story of the suicide seems told in the manner of her death, and the warning to girlish wives, who wed but to suffer and to die, is a sad record of the suicide's refuge from her troubles.

A Heroine.

Mary Gream, of New York, is a heroine if she is only a servant of all work. She must be a useful girl to have in the house. When she heard a suspicious noise in the rear building of the house in which she lives she did not scream or faint, but armed herself with a carving knife and started to find out what was wrong. She was rewarded by the discovery of a disguised fiend, who was coolly proceeding to set fire to the dwelling, a tenement house on Washington street. Mary seized the villain, and as he endeavored to choke her, she stabbed him in cheek with the knife. He then discovered that Mary was too much for him, and fled. It is to be hoped the insurance companies will make up a purse for the heroine.

THE PITTSBURGH DISASTER.

The Frightful Horror of the Flood--Over 400 Lives Lost.

The great storm in Pittsburgh, which set in at eight o'clock Sunday morning, as far as the destruction of human life is concerned, was the greatest calamity which has ever visited that city, and, in some degree of horror rivals the recent Mill river disaster in Massachusetts. No high winds lent fury to the tempest of rain, the devastion resulting entirely from the sudden down-pouring of immense volumes of water. The floodgates of the sky were literally opened, and the ordinary channels for carrying away the water were everywhere inadequate. There had been copious showers during the earlier part of the day, and when the evening rain set in, accompanied by continuous thunder and lightning, little apprehension was felt by the people, as there appeared no occasion for alarm. Pittsburgh proper, owing to the fact that it drains very rapidly, escaped without loss of life and with comparatively light damage. The paving of many of the streets in the hill districts was torn up, huge curbing stones were hurled from their place, shade trees were washed out of the ground, houses and cellars were flooded, and fences were carried away, but nothing more serious occurred.

The Seventh, Tenth, and Eleventh Wards of Allegheny City caught the full force of the storm, and there occurred great loss of life and property. The avenues here ran through narrow valleys, hemmed in by great hills on either side. Gathering in vast quantities on these lofty grounds, the water swept in overwhelming torrents, carrying everything before it. Frame houses supposed to be able to withstand any assault of the kind, were swept away as if made of card-board, and were in a few seconds torn to fragments, or striking against structures of brick, crushed them down, giving the inmates no opportunity to escape. So quick did the flood rise that in many instances the rushing of the waters into the second stories of the dwellings was the first notice of its approach.

At the intersection of Madison avenue and East street, the water divided, each branch carrying destruction in its course. In a triangular-shaped house at the intersection of the street named, resided Mrs. Conlon, a widow, who had three children, one boy and two girls. A young man named Archibald Arnold and another, a cripple, named Rogers, were in the house at the time. The entire number, with the exception of Niel Conlon, were lost. Young Arnold had gone into the house to rescue some of the inmates, but fell a victim to the destroying flood.

A square below the torrent again united, and, reinforced by additional streams from the hills, swept forward with augmented force to the low grounds on which are situated O'Harra, Concord and Chestnut streets. Here the width of the sweep of water was probably two hundred feet, and buildings of frame and brick fell before it as if made of sand. On O'Harra street, four dwellings near each other were crushed. In one lived Jacob Fuchs, his wife, one child, and a brother of Mrs. Fuchs. All were lost. In the next were Jacob Metzlen, wife and one child, all of whom perished. Mr. Haffnagel, wife and three children, who occupied the house adjoining, also perished. A man named Hubbert, with his wife and three children, lived in the next dwelling below and were the next victims. On the opposite side of O'Harra street a frame house was carried by the flood against the brick dwelling of Alderman Peter Bolster, carrying away the front part of it. The family fortunately had taken refuge in the kitchen, and all escaped with their lives, except one son of five years. The latter was carried away by the swift waters, and when found in the adjoining building, his little hands were clasped with the grip of death to a bedstead. Alderman Bolster's family had a most remarkable escape, as the water was three to four feet deep in the room where they took refuge, and the walls shattered.

The scene in the devastated district of Allegheny is one which beggars description. For hundreds of yards Madison avenue is lined with the wrecks of dwellings, furniture, bedding, dead animals, timbers, stones, etc. On O'Harra, Centre, and other streets in that vicinity, there is an equal amount of rubbish, while many of the frame buildings not destroyed are moved from their original places, and stand in all positions except square, with the thoroughfares. As in the mill disaster told of in Charles Reade's novel, so in this, the victims were stripped almost entirely of clothing by the water and floating timber, some having one shoe on, some the shirt-band about the neck, and others being without a shred.

Two boys, aged seven and twelve years, respectively, made one of the most remarkable escapes in the history of the extraordinary Pittsburgh calamity. Their father's house was struck by the rushing waters, and carried down Madison avenue on the tide. The parents were drowned, but the two boys escaped to the garret, and when the different portions of the building parted company, they clung to the roof; this roof eventually brought up against a pile of timber, just above the gate factory, and the rapid accumulation of floating matter soon hemmed the boys into a narrow corner, but did not injure them. When the waters subsided they found themselves literally buried alive through all the dark hours of Sunday night. Monday and Monday night they continued thus imprisoned, and at about 10 o'clock Tuesday they were discovered and taken out nearly starved, but otherwise unhurt.

Another incident is worth relating. A woman was found in the second story of her dwelling fastened in the debris with which she was surrounded, with her babe in her arms. Both she and her babe were dead, but just above her, and resting on her body, was another little child which was also fastened, but which had managed to keep its head above the water, and it was taken out alive. Two other children were found alive in an overturned house off Center street, which showed all external signs of having been completely submerged. How they escaped death is beyond comprehension.

Cholera in the East.

An important r

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 20, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Democratic Nominations.

ASSEMBLY,
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte,
S. S. Wolf, Potter.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
J. L. Spangler, Bellefonte.

COMMISSIONER,
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.

CO. SURVEYOR,
J. H. Reifsnyder, Penn.

AUDITOR,
Adam Yearick, Marion.

District Nominations, subject to the decision of the several conferences:

Judge—J. H. Orvis, Congress—C. T. Alexander, Senator—P. G. Meek.

The Philadelphia North American, radical, in a long article, favors the re-election of John Scott to the U. S. Senate.

On the 18th instant the people of Ohio voted on their proposed new constitution. The question of license or no license with reference to the sale of liquors was submitted to a seperate vote.

It is said that England has recognized the republic of Spain, and also that France and Germany have done the same.

The organ of the Modocs, in this county, is not so "veery weel" pleased with the doings of the Dem. Co. Convention. Capt. Jack grins with disappointment in his last week's.

If it *must* be a radical—let it be Shortlidge. Wm. Shortlidge is recommended for Congress. But the bother in it is, it can't be a rad, hence, it can't be the clever fellow "at the depot."

From the different sections of the county we learn that the democratic county ticket meets with general favor. Messrs. Sugert, Wolf, Spangler, Reifsnyder and Yearick will get the party vote which insures the election of the ticket by the usual majorities.

The temperence party of this state held their state convention at Harrisburg last week, and adopted a platform favoring the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The following nominations were made: Lieutenant-Governor, Benjamin Rush Bradford of Beaver county; Judge of the Supreme Court, Simeon B. Chase of Susquehanna county; Auditor-General, Calvin Parsons of Luzerne county; Secretary of Internal Affairs, W. P. Cuthertson of Montgomery county. A State Central Committee was appointed, with James Black, Esq. of Lancaster, Chairman.

Mr. John F. Potter, is one of those, among others, who failed in obtaining a nomination by the recent county convention. Mr. Potter has served one term as district attorney, and we believe that he endeavored to discharge his duties faithfully; scrutiny of his official acts will satisfy any one that he discharged his duties according to the letter of law; he will leave the office with a clear record, and had he been successful in obtaining a re-nomination, there is no one whom the Reporter would have given a heartier support. May success attend him in his future practice.

Previous to the war, election riots were only known in the Northern States, at least not farther south than Baltimore, where the blood-tubs and plug-uglies committed bloody outrages in order to carry the elections. But upon the close of the war the northern carpet-bagger took with him south his dirty-linen and his vicious habits of violence at the polls and has in some degree instilled them into the negro race down there, so the yankee carpet bagger may by that means force himself into office, and now negro election riots are getting to be a common thing, and whites are murdered and driven from the polls. These outrages were all along winked at from the white-house at Washington, even where whole towns and neighborhoods were threatened by the blacks urged on by white scalawags.

In the history of all parties, the canvass for nominations, within each party by members of the same who are ambitious to obtain a place upon the ticket, is about as exciting and very often as bitter as is the contest between two opposite political parties for a victory at the polls after the nominations are made.

The contest within the party previous to the nominating convention, its bitterness, jealousy and acrimonies, should end as soon as the nominations are made, and all turn in for the success of the ticket. We address these words to Centre county democrats, now that the nominations are made and the ticket, which is a good one, is in the field. Let the unsuccessful candidates (and there were worthy ones) and their friends, now forget the campaign for the nomination, and go into the work of defeating the opposition ticket with the same will as though their favorites were upon the ticket. This is the duty of every good democrat, and acting upon it will secure us a splendid victory in old Centre.

"Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bring your war-clubs and your weapons,"

and equip yourselves anew for the contest against the common foe.

Spain is about to put into execution the decree for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico.

The tactics of the Centre county rads will be to centre their opposition against one of our nominees for the Legislature, with the expectation of defeating that one and electing a radical. In order to do this, all kinds of slanderous stories will be invented and hurled in broadsides at the democratic nominee whom they will endeavor to defeat. Our ticket is composed of good men and it deserves to be sustained from top to bottom. We trust, therefore, that no democrat will be misled, when the enemy singles out their man to defeat him. Stand by the whole ticket democrats and let the opposition howl.

Rads are busying themselves with blowing into the ears of candidates who failed in obtaining the democratic nominations, "unfairness, untairness." These rads, we think, are showing a sympathy for such gentlemen upon whom they would have showered abuse had they been the successful candidates. The nominations were fairly made in open convention, and those busy rads who are talking of "unfairness" are only endeavoring to create dissatisfaction, in order to help their own chances. Democrats can see through that.

The democratic state convention meets at Pittsburg August 26, to nominate three officers to be elected upon the majority rule, viz., a Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of the Interior, and Auditor-General, and also a Judge of the Supreme Court, who will be sure of his election, as he is to be chosen according to the simplest form of minority representation—each voter to vote for one, and the two highest to be elected.

While the Radical papers of this district, says the Clinton Democrat, are attacking Mr. Mackey because he is the President of a National Bank, they should bear in mind that that monopoly of which they blate was created by the Radical party. He did not create it. He has made an able and useful officer of an institution which they created, and if it is an evil they are responsible for it, while he is entitled to the credit of having, by his able management, lessened the evil as much as possible. And at the same time they should remember that though President of one of their monopolies forced on the country, he is in favor of the following resolution passed by the convention of his county that nominated him:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that Congress should so amend the present National Banking system as to require the banks organized under the same to substitute greenbacks in place of the national bank currency now issued by them and thereby save to the people the payment of about $24,000,000 of gold interest annually.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has recently confirmed a verdict of $20,000 damages given by a jury to a widow, made so by ardent spirits sold to her late husband. The facts of the case it is unnecessary to recapitulate. The defendant supplied the man with that which rendered him incapable of self care. He went to bed upon a railway track, and was naturally found dead the next morning. Putting the statute out of the question, this seems to be a clear case of personal injury under the common law. The Illinois statute, however, quiets all doubt upon the point. Judge Scott, in reviewing the case, said: "He who deliberately sells that which he knows will inflame the passions, deprive the party of the control of his judgment, and render him for the time being incapable of exercising proper care for personal safety, or that of his property, must be prepared for the consequences that may follow.

The Harrisburg Patriot suggests a point to which we have frequently called the attention of voters, and to which again we most earnestly direct the attention of all who are in favor of reform and opposed to our present Ring rule. It is a fact, that should be generally understood that the duplicate list of voters are now in the hands of the assessors, and subject to inspection free of charge, by any person residing in an election district who shall desire to see the same. It is the duty of every citizen to see that his name is properly registered. After the 3d day of September it will be too late. The law now requires assessments to be sixty-one days before the day of election. On the two secular days before the day for the return of the assessment lists the assessor is required to be at the voting place in his district from ten a. m. to three p. m. and from six p. m. to nine p. m. for the purpose of making corrections or adding new names, but it is not best to wait until the last day. We trust that every Democratic voter will see to this matter at once. Every day's delay is dangerous. The Ring is careful to see that every one of its soldiers is on the roll. Why should the friends of honesty and reform be less vigilant?

PAYING OFF OUR STATE DEBT.—The State debt of Pennsylvania, under the system of gradual redemption, is being steadily reduced. The Sinking Fund Commissioners, who are the Auditor General, State Treasurer and Secretary of State, report that on August 1st the total debt was $24,999,785.37, and that at that time there was in the Sinking Fund $526,947, available for further reduction. The chief items of the debt are $400,000, bearing six per cent. interest in gold; $18,833,950, bearing six per cent. in currency; $3,393,500, bearing five per cent. in gold; $907,200, bearing five per cent. in currency; $87,000, bearing four-and-a-half per cent. in gold; $141,133 of various loans, on which interest has ceased; $100,659 without interest; $83,032, of Chambersburg certificates, at six per cent; and the Agricultural College land scrip fund of $500,000. During July, $21,000 of debt was redeemed, and at the close of that month nearly $453,000 of the General Revenue Fund of the State was deposited on call by the State with various banks and bankers, without collateral or interest. In the reduction of the debt the Constitution requires that there shall be paid off annually a sum not less than $250,000. Between January 1 and July 31, the reduction has been $800,000, and by the close of the year it will reach, it is said, $1,200,000.

It is charged that the monthly public debt statements of the United States Treasury Department are often incorrect.

The men employed on the work of grading the National Capitol grounds have struck work and driven away those willing to work in their places.

MISSISSIPPI.

SERIOUS RIOT IN AUSTIN.

THE WHITES MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.

Memphis, Tenn., August 11.—The excitement here in regard to the riot at Austin is increasing. The operator at Helena reports that negroes have been passing there on the Mississippi side all day, marching on Austin. The steamer White left this afternoon at five o'clock with about 500 armed men and supplies, under command of Colonel Morgan, of Hernando, Mississippi, about half of whom are from Mississippi, and among whom are some twenty negroes, who say they want this foolishness stopped. The remainder are from this city.

Large numbers of men have gone by land and if the whites can hold the Court House till midnight, reinforcements in sufficient numbers will have arrived to relieve them.

Paul Reeves, who was shot in the melee at Somerville, died yesterday. He and his brother Albert, who died on Sunday from wounds received in the same fight, were buried in one grave.

Memphis, August 11.—A special to the Appeal from Helena, Arkansas, received at 8:30 this morning, says: At eleven o'clock last night three ladies and two gentlemen arrived here from Austin in a skiff, and report considerable fighting. Late yesterday evening the commander of the post, whose name we have not learned, dispatched a scout of twenty-five men on the road to Coldwater station, on the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, and captured a picket of twenty negroes, who were stationed about two miles from town, and brought them as prisoners and disarmed them. One of them, as they were being put into the Court House yard, tried to make his escape when he was fired upon and killed, and in the melee in another fight which ensued, another negro was wounded, but not fatally. Later in the evening a large body of negroes advanced from the south and attacked the town, driving in the white skirmishers to the Court House, where the main body of the whites were stationed.

A charge was made by the whites on the negroes, but were repulsed with the loss of several killed and wounded. The fighting was going on when our informants left, and they were fired upon as they crossed over to Ship Island.

Major Horn Chalmers, of Hernando, has just arrived here for the purpose of chartering a boat to take men to the assistance of the whites in Austin. He says a courier from Major Woodson, of Austin, reached Hernando at daylight, stating the town was surrounded by about one thousand negroes, and asking for help. About two hundred men from Hernando and vicinity will be here at two o'clock, and in company with volunteers from this city will start at four o'clock for Austin.

A third dispatch has been received from the vicinity of Austin, asking for men, arms and ammunition; stating that unless the whites, who are surrounded in the Court House, are speedily relieved, they will be forced to surrender or be captured. The steamer A. J. White has been chartered to leave at five o'clock, and will carry a large number of men well armed.

Another special to the Appeal says that the negroes surrounding Austin on the south were charged this morning by a body of mounted whites, who killed four or five and captured twenty negroes. The blacks number about seven hundred, while the whites have about two hundred. Both parties are expecting reinforcements. At present the whites have the best of the fight. The negro hands on the plantations opposite on the Arkansas side are arming, and marching on Austin in large numbers.

NEGRO RIOTS IN ARKANSAS.

Memphis, Tenn., August 10.—A special to-night from Helena, Ark., to the Appeal says that the steamer Trader was met to-day at O. K. Landing by a mob of armed negroes, who informed Captain Smith that he could take his boat to Austin, but that he could not return. Captain Smith deemed it most prudent to turn back at once.

It is reported from over the river that a fight occurred at Austin this morning, and the negroes were repulsed. They have sent a messenger to Coahoma County, Miss., and this place to get all the recruits possible. It is also stated that the negroes will attack Austin to-night.

EFFECT OF THE GRASSHOPPER VISITATION IN IOWA.

Adjutant General Baker, of Iowa, writes to Commissioner Burdett, of the General Land Office, representing that there is great suffering among the homestead settlers in the northwestern counties of the State, owing to the visitation of the grasshoppers, and setting forth the hardship of requiring the settlers to go sometimes fifty and sometimes 200 miles to make final proof of the occupancy of their farms at the local land offices. He suggests that hereafter the local land officers be required to visit the county seats on certain days to take depositions, in order to save settlers an expense they can ill afford. Commissioner Burdett is disposed to grant the relief asked for, and is inclined to rule in this particular case that settlers be allowed, if they prefer, to make their depositions before the clerk of a court of record at the county seat.

BEECHER-TILTON.

New York, August 16.—Brooklyn was easy again yesterday, no new fact of any importonce being developed in connection with the Beecher-Tilton scandal. There seems to be a feeling of uneasiness, however, in the community, arising from a fear that the end has not yet been reached. All the indications tend to show an intention on the part of the men who have been charged with blackmail by Mr. Beecher in his statement not to remain quiet under the imputation cast upon them. Mr. Moulton's friends express great indignation, and are loud in their declarations that within a few days at most the charges made by Mr. Beecher will be proved utterly without foundation. The denial, it is said, will be explicit, and will be accompanied by the publication of the statement originally prepared for submission to the committee, and which was suppressed by the advice of Gen. B. F. Butler. At least one of Mr. Beecher's lawyers professes to be acquainted with the contents of that statement. Several members of the committe have also intimated that they know the worst that Mr. Moulton has to tell, and knowing it, believe that Mr. Beecher is innocent of the charges against him. It is not probable that Mr. Moulton, besides to refute the charges if he concurs [illegible] Beecher by of blackmail made by Mr. [illegible] the publication of his original statement, will first submit the documents to the committe. But should he adopt this course, it would not be at all likely to change the nature of the committee's report. No attempt is made by the investigating committe to conceal the fact that they have already determined to report in favor of Mr. Beecher. They have declared their willingness, however, to hear the testimony of Mr. Moulton, or any other witness who has any material evidence bearing on the scandal to offer. It is the intention of the committe to publish the most important part of the evidence taken during the investigation. Mr. Tilton and his friends claim to be able to controvert Mr. Beecher's statements, but refrain from producing the evidence said to be in reserve until Mr. Moulton has spoken. That he will speak they have no doubt, because when last before the committe he announced his intention, in case his own honor and uprightness were assailed, to make public all the evidence in his porsession relating to the controversy. Mr. Beecher left Brooklyn yesterday morning for his Peckskill farm, and will not return until the term of summer vacation has expired. The members of the investigating committee did not meet yesterday, nor is it likely they will come together before Monday.

AFFAIRS IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

Washington, D. C., August 15.—John M. Miles, Indian agent for the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, writes to the Indian Bureau from Darlington, Indian Territory, August 8, giving a satisfactory account of the situation in that vicinity. The Cheyennes who have come into the agency represent that the whole tribe of Cheyennes, except two small parties who had gone north, has camped on Peacon Creek, a tributary of the North Fork of the Red River, about 165 miles from the agency, moving in that direction with the intention of coming in. The recent instructions of the department to agents, which had been communicated to them, the severe drought, and the fact that the military were ordered to

PURSUE AND PUNISH THE GUILTY

Indians, have contributed to this movement on their part. The two parties which had gone north had done so on account of a difficulty with some Comanches in relation to horses secured by a raid into Colorado. The Cheyennes who came in represent that the Kiowas and Comanches are constantly making successful raids into Texas. Agent Miles says the enrollment of the Arapahoes and Whirlwind's band of Cheyennes is progressing and will be completed in a few days, when he expects to present complete and exact statistics of the Arapahoe tribe of Indians, a task never before undertaken among the Plains Indians. Arapahoes as a tribe Mr. Miles looks upon as a power on the side of the Government.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that of all the patent contrivances on the burned steamboat Pat Rogers, such as floats, pumps, hose, fire extinguishers and the like, not one was used by the affrighted crew and passengers. Even the life preservers, which were in every stateroom, were not used except to the extent of half a dozen. There were life preservers enough to have supplied each person on board with three, yet people rushed headlong into the river without thinking. In no similar disaster have all concerned seemed to loose all presence of mind so conspicuously.

—Thieves in Blair county steal mowing machines. Next they will steal the wells and post-holes.

GRASSHOPPERS IN KANSAS

All Standing Crops in ten Counties Eaten.

Topeka, Kan., August 10.—The fiery, untamed grasshopper has been making the tour of Kansas during the last ten days. He came over from Nebraska about the first of the month, and camping for a few days in the extreme northwestern counties, put himself in light marching trim, and started across the State in a cloud about twenty miles wide, moving east and south. He captured the State capital on Saturday, having travelled about one hundred and fifty miles in eight days, eating as he flew, and raising the price of corn to a point it has not touched before in seven years. From here he went on east, veering a little to the north (on account of prevailing southern winds), and unless detained by bad weather or made lazy by overeating, will probably reach and cross the State line some time during the present week

The amount of damage done to Kansas by this visitation of these jerky birds is almost incalculable. The standing crops of at least ten counties have been eaten up, and in a dozen other counties there is a loss of one-fourth to one-half. To one who has never seen the march of such a plague, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of its force and appearance. It has never been more truthfully and graphically described than in the language of the Bible touching the plauge of the locusts in olden time: "For they covered the whole face of the earth so that the land was darkened, and they did eat every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left, and there remained not any green thing in the trees or the herbs of the field through all the land." In some places west and south of here the sun was obscured for hours, as if a cloud was passing, and vast swarms of the pestilent creatures flew from either side of the locomotive along the railroad track like snow before a snow-plough. They would dispose of a quarter section of corn in an hour and a half, taking for desert whatever melons or pumpkins came in their way, leaving of them not even a vestige of a rind. After they passed a cornfield nothing was left but stubs of stalks two or three feet from the ground. They took all kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetables, and even stripped the apple, peach, cherry, and osage trees of all leaves and buds. The only green thing they declined to touch, that I can hear of, was a patch of castor beans.

The damage will reach millions of dollars in this State, and a large amount of personal privation, perhaps suffering, is certain to ensue. There was a fair crop of small grain harvested and garnered before the plague came, but it will fall far short of meeting the necessities of the people. Most of the settlers in the new counties where the curse fell heaviest, were depending entirely upon their corn, and will now be forced to look to charity for sustenance during the winter. The State and county authorities are already investigating the extent of the calamity, and prompt action will be taken to provide such relief as may be required. Kansas is able to meet and surmount the difficulty, and it is to her credit that she has determined to succor her own citizens without soliciting or accepting outside assistance.

The species of grasshopper with which we have to deal in this latitude is a native of the mountains. It is descended, of course, as all these insects are, from the ancient locust; but differs in taste and habit from the ordinary grasshopper of the field and prairie. It is a bird of unbounded stomach, in the highest degree gregarious, and of a peculiarly roaming disposition. It is of a summer's growth, and having arrived at maturity in September, deposits its eggs in little cells in the ground, these cells being coated and sealed up with a firm layer of gum, impervious to moisture. The warmth of the succeeding spring hatches the eggs, and the young appear first as swarms of gnats, and after several moultings take to themselves full wings and sail forth in search of plunder. They eat most during the period of growth; hence their presence at egg-laying time is most to be dreaded, for where the eggs are deposited the young will appear in the following spring and make way with the early crops. It is some consolation to think that they have struck Kansas this year a month before egg-laying time, and will probably not leave their spawn in our State to rise up against us next spring.

As yet there seems to be no effectual method of combating these formidable hosts, and about the most that a man can do when they swoop down upon his crops is to lean up against the fence and salute them with sea faring adjectives. It is said that smoke will sometimes drive them from a field; but it has been known to fail as often as to succeed. A heavy storm of wind and rain is perhaps about the only thing that can be depended upon with certainty to give them anything like a thorough "drive." It is related of a visit of these or similar insects to the Russian wheat-growing region, about a hundred years ago, that a timely northern tornado sent them into the Black Sea, whence they were cast back by the waves upon the shore in such numbers as to form a window four feet high and extending 100 miles along the coast. This incident harmonizes with the fact that a heavy storm on Saturday July 25, drove the pests out of Nebraska southward into Kansas; and local convulsions of the elements have several times given them a sudden "boost" during their journey through this State.

The mountain Indians alone of all human beings attempt to justify the scheme of the grasshopper's creation. They use him for food, and he is to the savage what the chicken is to civilized man. They catch him with a rude net, similar to the scoop net that anglers use in catching minnows, and dry him, then crush and pulverize him in stone mortars, and make him into a porridge or thick mush. In 1866 a Kansas farmer caught five bushels of them, strangled them in hot water and fed them to his hogs, and the feast seemed to be relished. Possibly a resort to some such plan might enable us to save a little something from this year's ravages by gathering the grasshoppers in nets and bags and feeding them to our swine in place of the corn which the lively gourmands have destroyed. There would certainly be a poetic justic in such a retaliation, and poetic justice is better than nothing.

THE UTAH ELECTION.

The Fight Between the Mormon Policemen and the United States Marshalls—The Mormons Defeated—One of Brigham's Officers of the Law.

Salt Lake City, U. T., August 4.—Last February a nominating caucus was held in the Old Tabernackle 3,000 saints being present. The business that called them together was to nominate candidates for city office. Brigham preserves his rule by retaining his facile creatures in office. The taxpayers of Salt Lake, saints and sinners alike, have long been dissatisfied with their local rulers on account of their incompetency and flagrant dishonesty. The accounts are closed against public inspection, no improvements are made, the streets are unpaved and unlighted except portions of one or two of the principle business streets, the Fire Department is volunteer and ineffective, there are no public school-houses, no asylums for the indigent, the sick, the insane—nothing, in short, to keep the city abreast with the progress of the age.

Brigham and his priests condemn all such as "Gentile innovations," and teach their followers that under a patriarchal, divinely-appointed rule all such new-fangled notions are a leaven of Babylonian unrighteousness.

As mining developement is extended in Utah, Gentile population and Gentile sentiments increase. This influence is largely sympathized with by the more progressive Mormons, and a spirit of opposition is showing itself, which Brigham has the sense to see is fraught with menance to the despotic rule. Hence in the elections to office all his pervading and all-powerful ecclesiasticle machinery is brought to bear to prevent opposition candidates getting into power. In the convention to which I alluded above Mayor Wells manipulated the proceedings in so openly corrupt a manner that the opposition papers exposed the fraud, and much damaging scandal to the church party has been the result

The passage of the bill by Congress, to regulate judicial affairs in Utah, provides for the making up of a jury list, and vests the ministral officers of the Federal Courts with power to act. For nearly three years no jury cases have been tried in this territory, except by the Probate Courts, presided over by Mormon bishops, who have usurped jurisdiction over criminal and equity cases. This bill has given heart and hope to the opposition party in Zion, and they have gone into the canvass with the determination to procure a fair expression of their will at the polls. Brigham came down upon his followers with a coup d'etat. Not daring to trust to a repetition of his cut-and-dried proceedings in the caucus, he prepared a ticket of his own, which he sent to the church priests for publication, calling it the "people's ticket." This contains the name of the polygamous apostle Cannon for delegate to the Forty-first Congress, a host of apostles and high church dignitaries for the Legislature, and for county officers a list of men whose sole recommendation is their slavish devotion to their prophet-master's sinterest.

An opposition ticket was placed in the field by "the Liberal party," so-called, containing the name of R. N. Baskin, a prominent Gentile lawyer of Salt Lake, for delegate, with a heterogeneous compound of Liberal Mormons, apostates, and a few Gentile for the Legislature and county office. The canvass has been active and acrimonious.

The Church papers have rediculed the Liberal ticket as "ring-streaked, speckled, and piebald," and their opponents denounce Brigham's candidates as a "three knave," a "duck lantern," and a "Kuklux" ticket

Yesterday the election took place. United States Marshal Maxwell appointed a score of special deputies to preserve peace at the polls, and the Chairman of the Territorial Central Committee selected an equal number of citizens to challenge illegal voters. This the Church prints ex claimed against as a monstrous usurpation of their rights, and the Mormons were instructed to allow no "pestilent outsiders" to interfere with them at the polls. There are six polling places in Salt Lake, the City Hall being the principle one. The great strength of the Mormon vote is derived from polygamous wives. Four-fifth of these are unnaturalized aliens, many of them are minors, and a large share of them are unable to speak the English language. The challengers objected to these votes being received. The city police, armed with iron billies, ordered the Marshal's deputies away, and being resisted, began attack upon them with their billies. Four deputies were cut on the head; one, named Whittmore, it is believed fatally. Three policemen were arrested and taken before United States Commissioner Toohy, who released them on bail. They returned to the City Hall and began another attack, aided by Mayor Wells and other members of the police. At noon Police Justice Clinton, judge of the election at the City Hall, made off with the ballot-box. Warrants were sworn out against him, Chief of Police Burt, and six of his subordinates, for resisting the Marsnal and his deputies. An immense crowd gathered outside to see the arrests made. The city officers were desperate. They had never been restrained in their unlawful exercise of authority before, and they openly defied United States law and the officers appointed to enforce it.

It was hinted that the offending city officials would resist arrest. Governor Woods was sent for to aid in preserving the peace, and send for the military if required. The Marshal and his posse on the close of the polls arrested the municipal rioters, the presence of the Governor restraining any resort to violence. As the prisoners were brought into the street the passions of the crowd reached fever heat. Since the days of Judge Jeffreys it is perhaps safe to say no such judge as Jeter Clinton has profaned the halls of justice. Polygamous, drunken, and illiterate, for long years he has been a facile tool in the hands of Brigham to haress, oppress, and rob the Gentile intruders. Of the police several are known assassins, and in the exercise of their police functions they have committed outrages that place this city on a level with Ashantee. One late instance amongst hundreds: A week or two ago a respectable tradesman was visited by Policeman Andrew Smith (who was twice arrested yesterday for violence), who assigned as an excuse for entering a private domicile that he had to collect $1.50 owing to a domestic servant. The citizen ordered him out of his house. The police ruffian then seized his victim—a quiet inoffensive German, named Steinburg—knocked him down and knelt upon the prostrate man's chest until he was nearly suffocated. He then dragged him violently through the street to the police court, and Justice Clinton fined the astonished German $5 for resisting an officer! The police was arrested and placed under bonds to appear for trial by the United States Commissioners. But his ruffianism was indorsed by the city authorities; he was retained in office, and yesterday he was most active in his favorite pursuit of crushing in the skulls of unoffending citizens.

Because of these things the sight of the Judge (Clinton) inflamed the surging populace to such an extent that they yelled "Hang him! Hang him! Like his prototype Jeffres, on a similar occasion, the terrified magistrate rushed into a store and begged protection for his life. The prisoners were at length safely immured in the Marshal's office, and a strong guard of sturdy deputies resisted the entrance of the crowd. The Governor addressed the chafing multitude from a wagon, begging them to preserve the peace and urging them to disperse to their homes. His Excellency is immensely popular with the unrighteous Babylonians of Utah, and the crowd cheered and quietly dispersed.

To-day the Mayor will be arrested. There is a jubilant feeling on the streets. All say, although the election has been won by the priests, Brigham's power has received perhaps its death-blow. Illegal votes were polled by the hundred. In the Twentieth (bishops') Ward 511 votes were polled, one-third of which were fraudulent. The canvassers have the names of the voters—mostly women, polygamous wives—and the numbers marked on their ballots, and all will be arrested. The returns will not be made known under three days. Justice Clinton and the police will be examined on Wednesday (tomorrow).—*World.*

THIRSTING FOR RELIGION.

The Rev. Wm. Ormiston preached in the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church at Forty-eight-st. and Fifth-ave., using for his text the 13th verse of the second chapter of Jeremiah: "For my people have committed two evils. They have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that that hold no water." Among other things he said:

The passage I have read to you was uttered as an expostulation to the Jews, when they persisted in idolatry and wickedness. It tells them they have committed two evils, having changed their gods, and finally charges home with the appalling allegation: "Ye have forsaken Me." Now this charge was not made to the Jews alone but may be applied to the whole world, and to us as well as any. At first we are told that God created man in his own image; made him high, pure, noble,, even almost as good as the angels; he was created with capabilities of holding communion with Him who was his Father, but unmindful of these blessings he fell, and consequent upon his fall was the degradation of the whole world. But we must perceive that in these modern days we live in a light more pure than did the ancient Jews. My heart goes out in pity for the soul that has strayed from its Creator. Conscious of its real loss, haunted by its ghost, followed by its glory, it longs with an impotent desire to regain its peace by setting up other gods. Each effort in this direction has ever proved a failure, among the wise as well as the foolish. Every struggle to make only sinks us deeper and deeper into distress. Every false religion has expired with a greater cry of despair. The history of our world is only a record of attempts to get along without God. It reminds me of that fabled man of old who tugged and labored to roll a great heavy stone to the brow of a hill, and just as he had almost succeeded, it went thundering and crashing back into the valley from which he had expended his energies and worn his powers to raise it. Is not this instance like that of a poor solitary human soul striving to hew out a religion of its own and just at the point of success losing its hold and allowing it to fall back into oblivion from which that soul had striven to lift it. Jesus Christ himself, knowing man as well as He did, marveled at the unbelief around Him. The text is not meant to apply solely to the actual worshippers of idols, but to all the ungodly. Very many men seek their sole satisfaction in the world of senses—in the possession of everything they desire in this world. And these men expect the portals of Heaven to open to them as though they had been the most devout conceivable worshippers of God and not self. There are others whose young life is a rich promise of bright futurity, whose golden grandeur and genius only lead them to rush through life with a glorious flash, a feverish brilliancy, which after all is like the flash of a rocket, which, when its upward trail is spent, falls to the ground a charred stick. When one of God's creatures gives his whole life, his whole thought to the problem of how to get through the world with the least exertion, a man who does no good, who does nothing, this is only a refined sensuality. He may be given to strictly intellectual pursuits, and may learn to believe that a man may lift himself from any depth, support himself on any hight by his own effort. He may even enter into the most sacred places to build up his cisterns, but he is just as much condemned. I may build my idol in a church, it is an idol still. The case is even more aggravated when a perverted conscience is brought to light. Let our poor, misled, aboriginal brothers, come and tell you how they have sought peace and have not found it. How they have sought it in the fire and in the flood; how they have searched for it in the knife reeking with blood and in the torture stake, and still it does not come. I know of nothing, my dear Christian hearers, that will hurt so much as a cold, freezing formality of conscience before God. You may as well put your foot in a Chinese shoe as your soul in a position to which it is not used. O, God! Can folly go so far as to believe that a gilded sham can bring peace to a being destined by God to wear the robes of eternal glory, to sit by his side on His Heavenly throne.

Thus we find that the religions of sensuality, of intellect and perverted conscience are not the really true ones. They may all be fair to eye, but false to the heart, and fatal to both. They fail in the very nature of their taste, for they hold no water. Water here is used as a metaphor, and a beautiful one it is, for it suggests first, that thirst for religion and finally that through satisfaction of a cooling draught to the thirsty soul. We need each of us to-day some adapted to our taste; we do not want a flicker, we want a sun; not a drink, a fountain; not a mirage which attracts the gaze and as the weary traveller approaches, fades away into the dim distance, but something that will endure, something that will stay with us forever. There is no life, or life, or peace, or joy apart from God. Each of you should know this to be so. Weary wanderers, will ye not return to your Father's house? I ask not how prodigal you may have been, how much of your substance you have wasted; it may have been your promising youth, it may have been your glorious manhood; I care not for this, I say. Only get up as you are, it may be in rags, but go, partake of His bread. Do not forsake God. Think what he promises you; life to-day and life forever; satisfaction to-day and eternal satisfaction. Amen.

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES.

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

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CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
HEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety. Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
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CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
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Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

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KRUMBINE & GROSSMAN,

respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that they have bought out the old stand of J. O Deininger, and have reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
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TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

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Hardware and Stove Dealers
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CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
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ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

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SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS.
marl5 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S New
Coach Manufactory.

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The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
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SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
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of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!

HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT.

Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.

Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.
which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY AUG. 20, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Prof. Coyle, who comes highly recommended, will hold a concert of vocal music, in this place, on Monday eve, 24.

——The Lutheran S. S., of Bellefonte picnicked on Nittany mountain, above this place, one day last week.

——Rev. A. A. Kerlin occasionally supplies the pulpit of the Lewistown Luth. church, the pastor of which, Rev. Brown, is ill.

——S. D. Musser, of this place, and Mr. Jacob Runkel, of Bellefonte, have purchased the hardware store of M'Manigal & Brown, at Millheim.

——After the 3d of September it will be too late to register. Voters should remember that the law has been changed since last year.

——The Lewistown Gazette of last week looked as though it had been shot through a crab-apple orchard before it reached us—it was so badly torn.

——It will be glad news for our people to learn that some of our liberal and public spirited citizens talk of erecting an Academy building in this town. There is no better point in the county for such an institution.

——One of the best quality is known to exist close to Centre Hall, and when the railroad opens for trade, these lands will become valuable.

——We understand parties are negotiating for the purchase of the top of Nittany Mountain with a view of preparing it for a summer resort. We think it will pay—it affords one of the grandest landscape views in the country.

——Parties are talking of erecting an observatory upon Nittany Mountain A fine idea. A structure of 50 or 75 feet might be erected at a small cost, and thus much enlarge the unexcelled and beautiful view from the mountain above Centre Hall.

——Mr. David Witmer, wife and daughter, of Juda, Wis., are paying a visit to their old friends and former home in Centre county.

——The 2nd week of court, August term, has been postponed, for want of a judge.

——Up—Jacob From's new two story shop, on the hill. Mr. From will also erect a new dwelling. Rev. Miller will erect two houses this fall, and Mr. Ezra Krumbine a large shop.

——Any one wishing to purchase a neat and cozy home, read the advertisement of Lot Evans in another column.

——In a letter published in another column, it will be seen that J. H. Reifsnyder, Esq., declines the nomination for Co. Surveyor. He is a Justice of the Peace, and we suppose considers this more profitable than the former.

——Messrs. Shoop & Van Pelt intend adding a pair of chopping burs to their machine shops, for chopping grain. The burs will be run by their steam engine, and will prove quite a convenience to the people of this vicinity needing feed.

——A match game of base ball was played on last Saturday between the Centre Hall club, and the students of the Normal school, which resulted in a victory for the Centre Hall boys, the score stood 24 to 25.

——Five or six new houses are to be built again shortly, in this place, besides a large Methodist church—thus does our town keep on improving steadily. Land adjoining town sells at $500 to $1000 per acre, and town-lots at from $250 to $500 per lot. We think our landholders are asking too high for their ground, such prices keep down the growth of the place, and at cheaper rates and quicker sales much more profit would be had. Men of ordinary means who come here to purchase are often driven away by the extravagant prices asked for lots.

——We had a heavy thunder-gust pass over us on last Wednesday afternoon, bringing a good soaking rain, much needed. The lightning struck a chestnut tree, opposite Mr. Osman's residence, near this place, shattering it to the roots. Mr Ossman and some other persons were standing under the covershot of the barn, and witnessed the cutting down of the tree by the bolt. A stroke of lightning went down the rod of the barn where they were standing, a few moments before the tree was struck, stunning Mr. Ossman and the others somewhat.

——Centre Hall has ten times more dogs than are needed to guard the town or eat up its garbage. The creatures are annoyance night and day, and breed three-fourths of the fleas that keep you kicking by day and scratching by night. Dogs are useful in their places, on a farm for instance, or in shops and stores where a watch is needed but when nearly every family quarters one and some as many as three in a town they are not only a useless expense, but an intolerable nuisance. They frighten horses, harm other and more useful animals upon the street, which have a better right there than curs, and often rob cellars and outhouses. We wish the bologna sausage man would come this way once, there is an abundance of the principal ingredient used in his trade.

——LEG BROKEN.—A son of John Gingherich living on John Hoy's farm about two miles below town had his leg broken and mangled on Friday 7, by a threshing machine. The unfortunate young man, who is about fifteen years of age, caught his clothing in the revolving shaft of the large separator, which whirled him around with frightful speed. The space between the shaft and the barn floor was such that every time the shaft made an evolution, he struck the floor with terrible force. The machine was fortunately stopped in time to save his life but his legs were badly crushed and the bone broken above the knee of one leg. He also received serious bruises about the head and body.—*Republican.*

——Letters have arrived informing relatives in this place of the death of Mrs. Hardman Philips, wife of the founder of Philipsburg, at Gwernvale, Berkenshire, England, on the 20th of July, aged 87 years. Mrs. Philips spent a great portion of her married life here, coming a bride to the home of her husband in the new world in 1824, and remaining here until 1846. She was always beloved for her traits of character, prominent among which was benevolence. Mr. Edward Lloyd, one of the executors of the will of Hardman Philips will sail for England immediately to settle the estate.—*Philipsburg Journal.*

——The Reporter has the following items from the eastern end:

Mr. Abs. Musser, of Haines township, threshed 25 bushels from 260 sheaves of "velvet chaff" wheat.

The committee appointed to assess damages on the road from Millheim to the Forks, met on Wednesday, 13, and made the following awards:

J. Meyer,	$100.00
John Kerstetter,	100 00
John Dutweiler,	250.00
Harriet Bracht,	75 00

The barn of Andrew Confer, in Confer Valley, Gregg twp., was struck by lightning on Wednesday afternoon. 12. One horse, and the entire crop of grain and hay, together with farming implements, &c., were consumed. No insurance.

——Weather warm at day-time, nights cool.

——The corn-crop in this county will not be an average one.

——John Grove is building a new house on his farm—formerly Hutchinson's—in Potter twp.

——Blackberries are plenty and selling at 6 cts. per quart. Huckleberries sell at 6 and 7 cts. per quart.

——The Brushvalley Band will hold a concert, in this place, on Friday evening. This band discourses good music.

——Potter twp. Teachers' examination, at Centre Hall, Tuesday Sept. 8.

——The "Excelsior" Society, of the Normal Institute, will give a public entertainment of music and paper-reading on Wednesday eve., 26.

——Mr. Frederick Moyer, of Penn Hall, measured some of his oats and found it to be 5 feet, 3½ inches long. Mr. Moyer is not only a good farmer, but a first-class coach maker.

——The Plumgrove pic-nic was largely attended on Saturday, and the occasion was a pleasant one. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Crittenden, Groh and Galbraith, which are said to have been very interesting.

——Maj. Fisher, at Penn Hall, has received an entire car load of Ohio stoneware, crocks and pans of all sizes, and as he has bought so large a lot he will be enabled to sell it cheaper than elsewhere in this state. The Ohio stone-ware is the best made in this country, and the best and cheapest for all purposes. Read the advertisement.

——Mr. S. L. Stiver delivered his lecture on Washington Irving, in this place, on Friday evening. There was a full house and good attention. The lecture was an interesting one and altogether a real literary treat, and will bear a repetition before many intelligent audience. Irving's name and literary fame will ever live in history, and belles lettres, as one of the shining contributors in those departments. We think our young friend Stiver did full justice to his favorite subject, and his lecture leaves no gap for other students to make improvements upon, when delineating the birth, life and literary achievements of the great American author.

COURT.—NOTICE.—Jurors, Witnesses summoned, and all others interested, are hereby notified that there will be no Second Week Court, in August Term, 1874, and such need not appear. By order of Court. B. F. SHAFFER, Sheriff.

DEM. STANDING COMMITTEE.

Bellefonte, N. Ward—H Y Stitzer.
do S "—Joseph Fox.
do W. "—O Meek.
Milesburg—Jas F Weaver
Howard—John W Gardner.
Philipsburg—C A Faulkner.
Unionville—John Bing.
Benner twp—A Y Wagner.
Boggs—Wm Marks.
Burnside—Bernard Veldehoffer.
Curtin—Henry Theil.
Ferguson—W H Fry.
Gregg—J B Heckman.
Haines—John C Stover.
Halfmoon—J H Griffin.
Harris—John Meyer.
Howard—Samuel B Leathers.
Huston—H G Cronister.
Liberty—Jno. A Stover.
Marion—George Hey.
Miles—Harvey Gorman.
Patton—P E Sellers.
Penn—D A Musser.
Potter—George Silver.
Rush—G M'Gaffey.
Snow Shoe—J H Holt.
Spring—John H Barnhart.
Taylor—Samuel Weaver.
Union—G L Peters.
Walker—John Divens.
Worth—Owen M'Cann.

J. H. MORRISON, Chairman.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

Lindamon Wingard and two of his brothers while out for huckleberries the other day, came across a family of rattlesnakes, that lodged under a large flat rock. Judging from the rattling, Lindamon says there must have been about a dozen under the rock. They succeeded in killing three, one having 12 rattles, while the others had only six apiece.

The Millheim Hardware Store is about changing hands again. Messrs. M'Manigal & Brown have sold out to Messrs. Musser & Runkel The inventory of the stock will take place this week, after which the new firm will commence to operate for themselves.

Some gentleman from below some place had been through here last week with watermelons, but the wise men of Millheim thought, while they had good health they would try to enjoy it. And the consequence was they did not invest very freely.

Changed—the members of Evangelical association of Centre circuit have concluded to hold their camp meeting in the grove of Gephart's heirs, instead of Swartz's grove. The reason this change was made is to prevent these traveling confectioners from intruding.

W. L. Musser, proprietor of the second national hotel in Millheim, is remodeling his house to a great extent, so as to be enabled to accommodate his many customers to a better advantage.

Millheim has three churches, two schools, three sabbath schools, nine stores, three grist mills, four black-smith shops, four saddler shops, two cabinet maker shops, two wagon shops, three tailor shops, two tinware shops, three shoemaker shops, one printing office, one clock & watch maker shop, one barber shop, one banking house, two foundries, one millinery shop, and two hotels. A town of the size of Millheim with as many business establishments besides the other institutions it contains, is hard to find.

Last week a jury passed over the road leading from Millheim to the forks of Penns Creek; their object being to appraise the amount of damage. Some are well satisfied while others are not so well pleased.

Charley Smith the little notion peddler was through here one day last week favoring the merchants by selling them goods as cheap as can be bought in the city.

Of late some peculiar bug made its appearance at the corn It eats the silk, consequently destroying the ear.

10 S. C.

For the Reporter.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Candidates shaking hands, all knocked in the head.

Radical Township convention we hear is ditto.

Life Insurance is the gossip of the day.

Lovers rendezvous—a pine stump up street.

Water in town one half of the time.

Daniel Strayer is adding an addition to his Wagon shop.

Joseph K. Weaber has just finished putting down a flagstone pavement before his property.

Our Coal miners are busy sinking a shaft in the vicinity of Gramley's saw mill. Signs are said to be good. We wish once more success to the enterprise.

Thanks to an All-wise Providence for plenty of rain since harvest. Things look refreshed in general. Wonder how an application of water would make our payements look at the lower end of town. Don't be stingy neighbors when it rains nearly every other day.

Returned—Messrs. E. Burkhart and H. Frank who left us about a year ago in somewhat a conspicous manner. Sorry to learn that none accumulated a fortune as yet. May they live to learn the value of contentment.

The new school house at Madisonburg will soon be completed. These two rooms in connection with a Town Hall on the second story, will make quite an improvement to the ancient village.

HEW MOR.

The weather in some parts of the South has been excessively hot, and the number of sunstrokes has increased accordingly.

That Resolution.

We had intended giving reasons for the passage of the anti-Modoc resolution by our late Co. Convention, but a correspondent saves us the trouble in the following:

MR. KURTZ:—*Dear Sir:* The Bellefonte organ seems very much excited, and goes off into high dudgeon over a resolution passed by our County Convention. To say the least, its remarks are ill timed and uncalled for. Since this outburst of indignation I have read and re-read this resolution trying to find out what peculiar virtue is embodied in it that should so arouse our self-constituted oracle. I can find nothing either undemocratic, indelicate or improper. It authoizes our conferees "to use all fair and honorable means to secure the nominations of the District candidates named by this Convention." Is that anything else than sound Democracy? Is it not in accord with the spirit of our organization? It further authorizes them "not to meet with or recognize any conferees except those elected by or under the authority of the regular Democratic County Conventions of the counties composing the several districts." Surely there can be nothing improper in this. We certainly do not want them to meet with conferees chosen by a republican, or any other irregular county convention. Ours was a regular Democratic Convention, and we don't want any of our sister counties to force their candidates upon us unless they do it by means of a similar convention. We want them distinctly to understand that if they intend to make their men the nominees of the party in the district they must do it fairly and squarely, openly and above board, by using none but "fair and honorable means," and by sending no conferees save those elected by *regular* Democratic Conventions.

A necessity for such a resolution undoubtedly existed. As the Democrats of the County are aware, a grave dissension occurred in the ranks of our party in Clearfield county last fall, whereby a portion of the party became alienated from the regular organization, held an irregular Convention of their own, nominated an irregular ticket, supported and elected it by the aid of irregular Democratic (*i. e.* republican) votes. The republicans nominated no ticket of their own but cast their solid vote for the bolters, hoping to gain in the end by the breach which would thus be made in our ranks. This difficulty arose out of the abuses of the Crawford County system of making nominations. The regular County Committee recognized this fact, and at the earliest opportunity they called a Convention to revise the rules of the party, and to take whatever steps were necessary to restore harmony and unity. The old rules were discarded, the Crawford County system abandoned, and the party returned to the Convention system, adopting a set of rules similar to those now in use in our own county. But it was too late to prevent the struggle from being carried to the polls. However, every one supposed that the difficulty was at an end, until quite recently when *an outside influence* was brought to bear upon the leaders of this bolting faction, commonly known as the "Modocs," and they again appeared upon the war-path. Certain individuals became very ambitious to sit in high places, and as they were aware they could not reach them fairly, they concluded to call into play their inventive and scheming faculties. A correspondence was opened with Dr. Potter and Col. Gilliland, the chiefs of the "Modocs," and several meetings were held in Bellefonte where these worthies, and a few of our own politicians were present. What was done, or how it was done, I am not presumed to know. Yet this much is certain that from this time forward the "Modocs" began to make active preparations to continue their war in Clearfield. I have, however, good reasons for saying that a plan was agreed upon substantially as follows: The Modocs were to go home, arouse their braves, hold a County Convention and send conferees to all our conferee meetings; the other conspirators guaranteed that they would arrange matters so that the Modoc conferees would be admitted into the various conferences. But their well laid schemes have been signally frustrated at every point. The Modocs have received little or no encouragement in Clearfield, because their followers say the bone of contention has been removed. The other portion of the agreement has also failed of success. They first attempted to coerce Clinton into their plans, but that failing, they began to beseech them to "let them down easy" but all to no purpose. In our own County they have been equally unsuccessful; not only that but they have received a positive rebuke at the hands of our County Convention. This is what grinds, and causes all this stir in Rome.

These, Mr. Editor, are the facts in the case, and they in themselves constitute the answer to the question "What was it for?" In view of these facts can you, can any Democrat, find anything improper in "those resolutions?" Suppose such a fight existed in our county and it was carried before a District conference would we not think it eminently proper if such a resolution were passed by our sister counties, especially if the disproportion in numbers was so marked as in this case, about 400 Modocs to 3000 regular Democrats? But the No. of Modocs is now greatly decreased and they constitute a mere handful. But this noble action of our Convention will diminish their band still more, and soon there will be none left but the chiefs and their allies, who in a few weeks will be placed on their reservations, and become the quiet and peaceable aborigines which they should be. Had these facts been made public before our County Convention, the action of that body *might* have been different; but I am inclined to think that the resolution would have passed as unanimously as it did.

MR. REIFSNYDER DECLINES.

Millheim, August 15, 1874.

J. H. MORRISON, Esq., *Chairman Democratic County Committee.*

Dear Sir:—I noticed in the papers that I received the nomination for County Surveyor, and it really surprised me when I saw it, as it was entirely without my knowledge or consent, being absent from home at the time; I am sorry to say that I could not serve if elected, and therefore decline being a candidate. Am much obliged to the democracy for the honor bestowed upon me.

Yours Respectfully,
J. H. REIFSNYDER.

For the Reporter.

TO THE GRANGERS.

Grangers, be on your guard! Crafty politicians are on your trail, striving to insinuate themselves into your good graces by empty compliments to prominent men of your order, and by representing themselves as your candidates. They are friends of yours, only so far as they can use you to further their own schemes; those being accomplished, your interests will be disregarded and your order ridiculed. These men are *politicians by profession* and they will use you as long as they can, and that being no longer possible they will abuse you. (For further light on this point inquire of Col. W. W. Brown.) Openly those men profess to be your best friends; secretly they are your worst enemies. Openly they flatter your organization, praise its laudable aim, and predict for it a distinguished future; secretly they ridicule your order, mock your ceremonies, and are doing all in their power to insure your speedy downfall. Don't allow yourselves to be cajoled by these tricksters. Suffer them not to degrade your society to their own low level of honor and morality. Snub them, and teach them that your organization was not formed to be *captured* by them or their cunning devices. They cannot benefit, while they may, and in all probability will, injure you. By turning a cold shoulder to all such miscreants you will aid in purifying our politics, and strengthen yourselves. NOT A GRANGER.

A GREAT FIRE IN PITTSBURG.

Ninety-Five Hundred Barrels of Oil with other Property Destroyed.

Pittsburg, August 12—The Standard Oil Works and National Refinery, on Allegheny river, in the Fifteenth ward, was burned to-night. At 8 o'clock P. M. lightning struck an oil tank containing 3,000 barrels of oil, setting it on fire.

About three hours afterwards the tank overflowed, and the burning oil communicated with the buildings and tanks in the vicinity. The fire now covers a space of an acre and a half. The amount of oil destroyed is nine thousand five hundred barrels.

All the buildings on the premises, valued at $12,000 are destroyed, also 12,000 empty barrels. The men on the premises escaped with difficulty. No lives were lost as far as known. The total loss is estimated at $40,000 to $55,000 on which there is insurance of about $20,000.

At 11 o'clock to-night the fire was under control, and the other refineries adjoining are considered out of danger. A tank at the Fairview Oil Works, on the other side of the river, was also struck by lightning, and 3,000 barrels of oil burned, on which there is no insurance.

FIGHT BETWEEN EDWARDS AND COLLYER.

Pittsburg, Aug. 14.—A dispatch dated M'Coy's station, Ohio, on the Cleveland road, says Collyer and Edwards with a gang of roughs, landed and went back in the country about two miles. The ring was staked out and the fighting commenced about half-past two o'clock.

On the first round Collyer fought Edwards down to the ropes. On the second round betting was one hundred to sixty on Edwards. The first knock down and first blood on Edwards. On the third round Edwards hit Sammy a fearful blow square in the face, staggering him to his knees, and covering his face with blood.

On the fourth round Edwards brought Collyer down with a fearful blow. Collyer's face was a terrible sight. On the fifth round Collyer got in a slight tap and then another pretty hard one. It was a hard round for both the combatants. On the sixth round there was a clinch and Colyer went under. Both were to the grass. On the seventh round there was a clinch and a fall, with Edwards uppermost, but unable to use his advantage. On the eighth round Collyer responded slowly, Edwards smiling.

On the ninth round Collyer got one in on Edwards, he hit him in the pit of the stomach, and threw him. On the tenth round Collyer got around by a square knock down. On the eleventh round after a few exchanges the cry of foul was raised. It was claimed that Edwards had something in his hand. Collyer refused to fight. The fight was claimed for Ewards but the referee decided to withhold his decision for several days. The fight occurred at a place called Mill Creek Pa., near line Island.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Five Persons Killed.

St. Albans, August 13.—The night express train, which left Boston last evening for Montreal via. the Southeastern Railroad, was wrecked this morning a few miles north of Richford, Vermont.

A bridge over the north branch of the Missisquier river had been carried away by a very heavy rain last night and through the neglect of section men the train was not signalled. The locomotive was precipitated into the stream. The express car ran over the engine to the other side and the baggage and smoking cars were telescoped by the fourth car and both now lie on top of the engine. The fifth and sixth cars, first class, and a Pullman car were not damaged. Five persons were killed and fifteen injured.

ANOTHER RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

Trenton, N. J., August 15.—A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, sixteen miles south of this city, at 7 o'clock this a. m. An excursion train from Morristown, was proceeding to Long Branch, and when near Cromwell's Station a misplaced switch caused it to dash upon a siding into a stationary coal train, completely demolishing two passenger coaches and three coal cars. Two passengers on the excursion train were killed outright, a third mangled so badly that he died shortly after the accident, and a number injured, some of them seriously.

THE PLYMOUTH INVESTIGATION.

Serious Charges Against Tilton.

New York, August 15.—It is stated in the Brooklyn Eagle that this servant girl business will wear another complexion, when the story of the girl, now in possession of the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee is made public. The allegation is that Tilton, not Beecher, was interested in her removal from Brooklyn. It seems from her statement now leaking out she was an adopted child in the Tilton household, taken when an infant, and always treated as a member of the family.

During the absence of Mrs. Tilton, this adopted daughter left the house, and on Mrs. Tilton's return related to her occurances leading to that act. She said that Tilton had attempted to debauch her. He forced his way into her bed-room several times during his wife's absence. The girl alarmed the household and escaped his lothesome embraces. She finally left the house, and afterward told Tilton's wife what had happened. Afterward, while the story crept out, Mrs. Tilton was sent by Mr Tilton to more than one house to deny it, and finally finding it did not die easily, the girl was induced by Mr. and Mrs. Tilton to sign a statement denying what were called wicked stories set on foot against Mr. Tilton. After this retraction was obtained, Tilton had the girl sent west to school, and Francis D. Moulton paid her tuition and board bills. This is the girl's own story, as she has told it to the Committe, to her school teacher and Mr. Shearman.

The Argus states that Frank Moulton will speak; that he will do as Gen. Butler adviced him, "come in last."

Tilton's Version of the Servant Girl Story.

A reporter has had a brief talk with Mr. Tilton. He denied that he had received any money from Mr. Beecher, and if Mr. Moulton had received the amount stated it devolved upon him to account for it. Shortly after Mrs. Tilton's confession of Mr. Becher's criminality, the servant who was then living with Mr. Tilton, became aware of the fact from having overheard the conversations which had passed between them, and she began to whisper it to her friends in Brooklyn. As soon as this state of things was discovered it was determined upon to send the girl out of Brooklyn, as a protection to Beecher. She was sent to a boarding school, and Beecher paid the expenses through Moulton. This, might have amounted to some two thousand dollars. Several gentlemen contributed to the support of the Golden Age, and Beecher, he said, might have been among the number, but Moulton could not account for that.

ESCAPE OF MARSHAL BAZINE.

Paris, Aug., 11.—Intense dismay has been created among the French government officials here, and the city is wild with excitement over the news received here this morning, of the escape of Marshal Bazine from the military prison on the Island of Sainte Marguerite. No particulars of the escape have yet been received, but the information is considered reliable. Bazine was sentenced in December last to 20 years imprisonment, for treason;

—A PHILADELPHIA MERCHANT SURPRISED.—Messrs. Frank, Bro. & Co., merchants on 3rd street, Philadelphia, had a pleasant surprise Thirty-three years ago they kept store in New Berlin, Union county, and before moving to the city they were robbed of goods to the amount of $400. Last week a man came into their store, and ascertaining that they were the same gentlemen that kept store in New Berlin, informed them that he was ready to pay the $400 they missed in the robbery, together with the interest upon the same, which would amount to $800. Mr. Frank was astonished at the man's frankness, but was told him if he would give him the $400 without interest, they would call it square, which he paid over and departed, leaving the proprietors to ruminate upon the singular phases of humanity. —*Ex.*

Who was he, is an interesting query now?

The boy found at Bennington, Vt., supposed to be Charlie Ross, turns out to be an adopted child, whose name is Charlie Gross, and whom his adopted parents are trying to learn to call himself Augustus Hamilton. There was a gleam of hope in this story; but it is gone.

—A little daughter of James Barnett, of Menallen township, Fayette county, was found hanging lifeless to a window in Hugh Johnson's residence on the 22d ult. The child attempted to climb out of the window, when the stick that kept it hoisted was knocked out, and the sash fell upon her neck, breaking it, pinning her body fast until found several hours afterwards by members of the family. The little girl was aged about ten years. There were no grown persons at the house at the time. The mother has become insane over the result of the accident. Two children have been drowned and one smothered for the same family.—*Greensburg Republican.*

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Six men recently caught 1,000 pounds of trout in one day from a Montana stream.

A day school for convicts has been established in the Massachusetts State Prison.

"Unmanned by the loss of her husband" is the new style of indicating a widow's grief.

Five bushels of grapes upon a single vine make glad the heart of its owner in Indiana.

Mrs. Hester Authors of Pennsylvania is 112 years old—one of the oldest living authors.

This is called Ministers' Leap Year because the vacation month, August, has five Sundays.

John Smith, a hermit in Erving, Mass., has made an engagement to lecture next season.

Chicago beats the world in other matters than fires; for it has a delinquent taxlist of 44 pages.

There is a man in Lawrence, Mass., who can shoulder a piece of water-pipe weighing 422 pounds.

Ida Troxell, aged only 14 years, committed suicide at Richlandtown, Pa., a few days ago, by taking strychnine.

Phineas Battle, who committed suicide at Orange, Mass., gave $10,000 to the Universalist church of that town.

Delaware County, Penn., has a venerable cat 22 years old, and a sheep over whose wool 20 winters have passed.

A lady at Princeton, Iowa, was recently stung on the neck by a honey bee, and died from the wound in 20 minutes.

An Illinois newspaper makes its death reports more interesting by publishing "a sick list" several days in advance.

Robert Shackell, who had been married only one day, drowned himself at Belvidere, Ill. He had been engaged to another lady.

The smelting works at Truckee, Nevada, are running day and night and turning out 4,000 to 7,000 pounds of bullion every 24 hours.

There is a man in Dubuque who is so afraid of hydrophobia that he keeps his hat full of memoranda how to proceed in case he is bitten.

A snake of the black species at Fayette, Mo., 74 feet long, lately wound about the legs of Mr. Thomas Preston, but finally fell beneath his conquering arm.

During a hurricane in Kansas, a county treasurer became so terrified that he acknowledged a defalcation of $1,500. After the wind had subsided he denied it.

——Eleven horses were stolen from one pasture, in Blair county, on Monday night.

One hundred Mennonite families from Russia passed through Berlin on their way hither.

Russia hesitates to recognize Spain because such actions will strengthen the cause of Republicanism in Europe.

Five persons were killed by the railroad accident near Richford, on Tuesday.

A general improvement in the New England corn crop is reported during the month of July.

THE BEST TIME.—The wonderful feat of Goldsmith Maid on the Buffalo track on Friday, in trotting a mile in two minutes and fifteen and a half seconds fully establish as her claim to the title of Queen of the Turf. This is probably the fastest time ever made by any trotter, as it certainly is the fastest time ever recorded. Two years ago, when this mare made some very fast time on a Western track, the veracity of the judges was at first questioned, as no one believed she was able to perform such a feat. The matter was discussed for weeks in all the sporting journals. A delegation was sent to measure the track and ascertain whether it was a full mile, and to take the statements of witnesses, to ascertain whether the mare kept to the track during the race. The question was never settled, but Friday's performance is evidence more than sufficient to clear away all doubts. The splendid feat was witnessed, it is said, by about 20,000 spectators.

GEORGIA.

A Horrible and Unprovoked Murder.

Augusta, Aug., 15.—Capt. A. F. Buttler, a local agent on the South Carolina Railroad, was shot this evening under the following circumstances: He was accompanied by his wife on a street car. In getting off the car an intoxicated negro was sitting on the step obstructing the passage. Butler pushed the negro with his hand, telling him to get up. Gabriel and Michael Mulier, both negroes, were together, one sitting on the steps and the other on the platform. Michael pushed Mrs. Butler back as she was in the act of being assisted out and Gabriel pulled out a pistol and shot Capt. Butler, the ball penetrating his brain. The negroes were captured. Gabriel was slightly wounded in the face when arrested.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN BUTLER

Augusta, Aug. 16.—Captain Butler, who was shot by a negro, died last night.

THE MURDERER LYNCHED.

The citizens were so exasperated at the unprovoked murder that several hundred of them armed themselves and marched to the jail, where the Murrel brothers were confined, took both of them out, and carried them to the parade grounds. A jury was improvised when both Gabriel and Mike Murrell asserted their innocence. After three hours' investigation on sworn testimony of eye witnesses of the murder, Gabriel was taken back to jail and Mike shot.

MARKETS.

Produce.

New York, August 17—Flour less active; prices unchanged. Wheat less active and lower; No 2 Chicago $1 24@1 26; No 2 Milwaukee $1 30@1 31; No 1 spring $1 27@1 28. Rye quiet at 90c@$1 00. Corn a shade better, less doing; Western mixed 81@81½; sight mixed and yellow Western 81½@82½; white Western 95@96c. Oats heavy and a shade lower; new mixed western 45@52c; new white 50@57c. Hay steady at 70c per hundred. Eggs steady at 17@17½c. Pork heavier at $23 50. Lard firmer at 14 11-16c. Butter firmer at 11@30c.

Chicago, August 17.—Flour dull but unchanged. Wheat dull but closing steadier; No 1 spring $1 07@1 07½; No 2 $1 02½ bid; sept $1 02@1 03½; closed at $1 02½ seller September; No 3 98c Corn dull and declined; No 2 mixed 64@65½c; closed at 64c spot; 64½c bid seller August 64½c bid seller September. Oats dull and lower; No 2 37½c spot or seller August; 35½c bid seller September; rejected 36@36½c Rye in fair demand and marketing firm No 1 72c.

MARRIAGES

On 13th, by Rev. J. K. Miller, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Alvin Stump and Miss Mary E. Wingard, both of Potter twp.

On 23rd, July, Mr. David O. Bower, of Laurelton, (formerly of Aaronsburg,) and Miss Pierce, of Hartly twp.

DEATHS.

On the 9th ult., in Sugar Valley, Clinton county, of Consumption, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Brown, aged 40 years, 7 months and 29 days.

On 11 Aug., at Wadsworth, Ohio, Mr. Michael Harpster, son of George Harpster, of Centre Hall, aged about 47 years.

Fine Homestead for Sale.

A House & Lot—about 3 Acres of good cultivated land—situate in Gregg twp., near Tressler's Sawmill, in Georges Valley, is offered at private sale. Two public roads run along two sides of the lot. Thereon are erected a two story HOUSE, STABLE, SHOP, and other outbuildings. A splendid ORCHARD of the best apples, cherries, pears, peaches, and plums, on the premises, and never failing water near the door. Close to the house a fine garden and a beautiful yard in front. Also running water near the house. For further particulars apply to LOTT EVANS. Aug 20 2m.

STONE-WARE! STONE-WARE!!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Gregg and adjoining townships, and the public generally that he has just received 5,200 GALLONS, No. 1 Ohio Stone-Ware, consisting of Milk Crocks and Pans. Apple-butter crocks from 1 to 6 Gallons. Also stone jugs, from 1 to 6 gallons, stone jars, &c. The reputation of the Ohio Stone-Ware is universally acknowledged—"None better ever made." No danger of the glasing coming off like earthenware. It is much superior to earthenware in every respect. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Stone-Ware and merchandize for which the highest market price will be allowed.

J. B. FISHER,
aug20-2m Penn Hall, Pa.

TRIAL LIST for August Term, A. D. '74. First week commencing on the fourth Monday (24th) of Aug.

J Smith, use of, vs R R Nelson. No 2, Aug term '67.
W F Edson vs Henry Smith, No 170, Nov T, 1871.
James McKinney vs E Blowers, No 142, Aug T, 1872.
Durst & Hatlacher vs J Harris et al., No 208, Jan T, 1873.
D M Wagner vs John S Forster, No 360, Apr T, 1873.
S B Wyland vs Wm Lechly, No 60, Aug T, 1873.
J Shultz vs Pa RR Co, No 202, Aug T, 1873.
Same vs Same, No 203, Aug T, 1873.
M M Glauhlin et al vs Wm Grassmire et al, No 34, Nov T, 1873
S Gainer use of vs John Heiss, No 108, Nov T, 1873
John H Morrison vs Pa RR Co, No 118, Nov T, '73
Sam'l Charles vs same, No 120, Aug T, 1873
J H Holmes vs Archibald Moore, 179, Aug T, 1873

LIST OF GRAND JURORS for August Term, 1874.

Bellefonte—S S Lyon, R F Rankin, J Sommerville, Wm Galbraith
Patton—Wm Read
Milesburg—J H Hahn, J H Proudfoot
Boggs—Chas Adams, Wm Curtin
Potter—John M'Coy, S S Wolf
Ferguson—Saml Goss, J Shadman
Snowshoe—P Yoger.
Harris—Jas Kimport, Mich Hess
Spring—S Lyons, Jno Rocky
Union—Jacob Hoover
Haines—W H Stover
Howard—Jacob Holter
Miles—James Korman
Worth—Elias Turner.

LIST OF TRAVERSE JURORS for 1st week August Term 1874.

Bellefonte—James Fury, John Hoffer, H Landis
Patton—John Musser
Penn—Michael Kerstetter, Jacob Kerstetter, Jonath Kremer, R Hartman, A Stover, D A Musser, Ad Hosterman
Benner—A D Swartz
Snow Shoe—R Miles, A Campbell
Liberty—W H Gardner, C Holter
Harris—Saml Wasson, Wm Mokle, H Mitchell
Howard boro—Henry Grove
Haines—John Linbert, E Deshler, Abs Musser
Halfmoon—G S Gray, A Bartholmew, J C Fisher
Philipsburg—Jacob Test.
Boggs—R B Poarman.
Potter—A Gregg, Geo Koch, H Bollinger, Cyrus Durst, John Emerick
Walker—Jno Miller, Jr
Rush—J C Allport
Milesburg—T Miles, Boilieu
Spring—Alexander Miller, H Neil, J B Miller
Howard—Mich Confer
Gregg—F F Jameson
Taylor—D Henderson
Miles—Joseph Gramley, John Hubler
Ferguson—John Shiffler

W. A. CURRY,
BOOT & SHOE MAKER
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 13 1y

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

☞He is now fully prepared to extract teeth *absolutely without pain.* my8-73-tf.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynold's bank. may14'66

MAJ. J. SHREFFLER
TAYLOR,
Nearly opposite Spangler's hotel.

Cnt. Hall where he is at all times, prepared to make all kinds of men and boy's clothing, according to the latest styles and at reasonable charges.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Union and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable Henry Dopp, Associate Judges, in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 4th day of January, A. D., 1874, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Termiser and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Aug., next, being the 24th day of Aug 1874, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 4th day of Jan. in the year of our Lord, 1874, and in the ninety-fourth year of the Independence of the United States

B. F. SHAFFER Sheriff.

JAS. M'MANUS, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, promptly attends to all business entrusted to him. jul2,'68

ADAM HILD,
PAINTER, Milroy, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting.

GRAINING

Mahogony, Oak, Walnut, Maple, Ash, Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.

All fine work done for other painters, nov.6 tf.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White wheat $1 30 Red 125 ... Rye.... 80 ... Corn 80 .... Oats 55 ..... Barley 80 70 ... Cloverseed 4,50 ... Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8 ..... Pork per pound 10 Butter 20 ..... Eggs 15 ..... Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8 ..... Bacon 10 ..... Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents ..... Buck wheat 65 cts ..... Flour per barrel retail 5.50 wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1,30 ... Red wheat 125 .... Rye 60 ..... Corn 50 ..... Oats 35 ..... Barley 80 ..... Cloverseed 4,00 ..... Timothyseed, 350 ..... Salt 2 25 per sack, ... Bacon 7c ..... Ham 15 .... Butter 20 .. Eggs 20 ..... Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75 .....

Farm, Garden and Household

Rushing Crops to Market.

There are certain perishable products that must find immediate market or there is loss to the producer; but the great staple crop may safely be held when there is good reason for holding and no pressing reason for selling. It is suggested, we notice, that half of the early crops of grain—say winter wheat—be stored. The wisdom of this advice, of course, depends upon prospective demand—upon the old stock on hand at home and abroad, when the new crop goes on the market and upon the amount of the new crop as compared with that of previous years. The means for determining the policy to be pursued are more complete than ever before. The crop reports to the Department of Agriculture, by commercial reports to the papers, and the facilities afforded by a more complete organization of farmers than has been before known in this country, facilitate the obtaining of this information. But the most vicious suggestion we have seen is that "it might be a good plan for the wheat grower to borrow the money required for immediate use and warehouse as much as possible of his crop." This is making the producer a speculator on his own products with a vengeance. Of course it might happen that the farmer who did this would make money betting on the price of his grain two to six months hence, and paying 10 to 20 per cent. for money to bet with; but again, he might not make and might lose the money he had put up. We regard all advice that encourages any one to run in debt, especially when there is no absolute need of it, vicious. This advice when given to farmers for speculative purposes, involving as a basis of action a thorough knowledge of commercial wants and values, is doubly bad. If a farmer is able to hold his grain for better prices without running in debt, it is a different matter; even then he must take a risk; but he does not go in debt to take it, and that is the main thing we denounce—running in debt.—*Rural New Yorker.*

New Remedy for Hay Fever.

Dr. Horace Dobell, Senior Physician to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, London, has suggested a contrivance and a prescription, by the combined use of which immense comfort may be given to many sufferers from hay fever and sneezing.

The prescription is as follows: Chloral hydrate and camphor (ef each) 16 grains, carbolic acid 20 grains, pure morphia 12 grains, oleic acid (enough to dissolve the morphia) 20 grains, castor oil (the clearest and finest) 7 drachms. Rub well together to make a lotion.

The contrivance is for the efficient application of the above remedy, and consists of a miniature bottle, contained in a little boxwood case so that it can be carried easily in the pocket. To the lid of the box is attached the cork of the bottle, and to the cork, in the same fashion as the spoon of a cayenne pepper cruet, is fixed a little club-shaped rod of polished ivory, long enough to reach to the bottom of the bottle, and also to the upper extremity of the nostril. The little bottle is kept half full of the lotion above prescribed, and the little rod immersed in it. Directly the patient feels the tickle or other signal of a coming sneeze, he uncorks his bottle, withdraws the ivory club, wet with the oleaginous lotion, and pushes it up the nostril until it reaches the seat of the sneeze signal; there it should be gently pressed so as to apply the lotion to the part. After this the club is withdrawn and returned to its little bottle of fluid, where it becomes at once charged for a fresh application. As often as the sneeze threatens the operation should be repeated. Very often one application will keep off a threatened fit of sneezing altogether, even though its first effect may be to excite a sneeze.

Pork-Raising.

A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* writes: "My own theory of pork-raising, based upon experience, observation, and probably a little philosophy of things, if written for the benefit of others, would be about as follows: During the hot summer months I would feed very little solid feed, such as corn in the ear or uncracked. I would keep hogs upon green feed constantly, either grass, oats, or rye, and feed them at regular intervals, once or twice a day, upon mashed feed, either shorts, chopped oats, or rye, buckwheat, etc., fed in troughs. When fed in this way, and allowed access to water and shade, hogs will bear crowding through the hot months—a very good time, if not the best, to take on flesh. This puts them in the best of condition for corn feeding, which should commence about the first of September, when the new crop is still soft and tender. Treated in this way hogs become probably as perfect as any method could make them. Upon the whole, I believe it is the cheapest and most economical."

Hay Tea for Calves.

"A young farmer," correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, thinks he has made a discovery in using hay tea for raising a calf. He says of the calf: "It grows finely, is fat enough, and seems to like its hay tea, and to be just as well satisfied with a full meal of that as it would be if it had taken its fill right from the cow. I never tried hay tea before, and never saw it made or fed out. It is not as much trouble to make hay tea as to make porridge, and the cost is nothing. I cut my hay, the finest and best I have, about two inches long, and pour boiling water over it. Let it stand until cooled to about the heat of milk from the cow, then take the hay out and give it to the cow, and the tea to the calf. One of my neighbors says I am making the hay worth more for the cow, and so getting a profit besides raising the calf. At any rate she eats it greedily. The longer the hay steeps before it gets cool the more strength there is in it."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

George Hoffman, aged thirty-two years, committed suicide in Philadelphia by cutting his throat, having first attempted to murder his wife, who was severely cut about the throat and face..... The Mayor of Philadelphia has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $20,000 for the capture of the abductors of the child Charley Brewster Ross, and the restoration of the child..... Lieut. Neal, of Rose county, was nominated to Congress by the Democrats of the Fifth Ohio District..... The last surviving sister of the late Edgar Allen Poe, the poet, died at the Epiphany Church Home in Washington, aged 68 years ..... The Carlists shot every tenth man of the volunteers captured at Cuenca..... Advices from India represent that cholera has broken out among the 50,000 pilgrims assembled in Pooree for the Juggernant festival..... The wife of a hand organist, who was traveling with her husband between Norwalk and Darien, Conn., was beaten to death by a party of tramps, consisting of one women and three men. She had seated herself by the roadside to rest, her husband having gone ahead some distance, when the murderers made the attack. They were seen in the act of beating her by a number of boys who were at work near by, but they were unable to prevent the murder. The whole party have been arrested and locked up at Norwalk to await trial.

Algerian advices give ground for the fear that trouble with the natives and the French colony is impending. It is reported that 10,000 muskets and 50,000 pounds of powder are imported across the Tunisian frontier weekly ..... Still another fire on State street, Chicago, destroyed property valued at $300,000..... Some of the best known and most respectable citizens of Vicksburg having protested against the action of the U. S. Secretary of War, ordering two companies of regulars to that place in compliance with the request of Acting-Governor Davis, the order has been revoked. These gentlemen give the Secretary assurances that there is no danger of disturbance..... Michigan's wool clip this year will amount to 6,000,000 pounds..... The house of John Sigler, near Cuba, Tenn., was burned. Mrs. Sigler, her two children, and a Mrs. Ligon was dangerously burned. The fire is believed to have been the work of a negro with whom Mrs. Ligon had a difficulty about some work ..... In Corfu, a serious conflict occurred between the soldiers and the people, in which twenty-five of the latter were wounded, comprising four Turks, two Austrians, and one Italian. Several shops were pillaged. The garrison is now confined to the fortress.

A terrible explosion occurred at the Standard Oil Works, Cleveland. Robert McDonald, Charles McFarlin, and Christ Osterlin were engaged in drawing crude oil from a train of oil tanks into the reservoir below by means of pipes. One man went on top of one of the tanks to open the manhole, when the gas from the oil ignited from the lantern which the man carried, and exploded with terrific force. The men were thrown some distance from the cars, their bodies covered with burning oil and completely surrounded by flames. No help could reach them, and not until the fire had abated were their crisped remains recovered. McDonald and McFarlin were single men, and Osterlin married. Six oil tanks exploded one after another, scattering burning oil in every direction. The oil sheds along the railroad track were destroyed, and it was only through the well directed and strenuous efforts of the firemen and citizens that a widespread conflagration was prevented..... The grass hoppers are still coming eastward, doing much damage in the middle and northern counties of Nebraska. The wheat and oats are out of their reach, but the corn and everything else is destroyed even with the ground..... A family of seven persons named Finnegan were bitten by a mad dog at Fort Montgomery, N. Y..... A threat is made that Germany will punish the Carlists for the murder of a captured German ..... The British House of Commons, by an almost unanimous vote, has agreed to an annual grant of $75,000 to Prince Leopold..... Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy murderer, has confessed that he murdered the Mellin boy on the 22d of April last, describing in detail how the murder was committed..... The ladies have begun to circulate a petition for a local option election in San Francisco. About thirty ladies are engaged in the work..... The public are cautioned against counterfeit $5 national bank notes on the Traders' National Bank of Chicago, Ill., which have been discovered in circulation in large numbers.

It is reported that the Carlists shot 235 prisoners who were captured from General Nouvillas's column in Catalonia..... Negotiations for the balance of the five per cent. U. S. funded loan were concluded by the Secretary of the Treasury with Messrs. August Belmont & Co., on behalf of Messrs N. M. Rothschild & Sons, of London, and Messrs. J. S. & W. Seligman & Co., on behalf of themselves and their associates. These parties made an absolute subscription for $45,000,000, coupled with the option of taking the remainder of the loan at any time within six months. The loan is taken at par, to be paid for in coin or five-twenty bonds, the parties to receive one-quarter of the transaction, including the delivery of bonds ..... The People's Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia has suspended. A notice on the door says: "Information having been received that the manager and treasurer of the company has left for parts unknown, it is deemed advisable to suspend all further business."..... The news from Formosa is to the effect that the Japanese are driving the aborigines from the coast. The Japanese war vessels were still on the coast of Formosa..... The Hon. Robert Bourke, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, said in the English House of Commons that it was believed that the German squadron had been sent to the coast of Spain merely to protect German residents..... The King of Ashantee has paid a further installment of $6,000 to Great Britain on the war indemnity..... The Japanese steamer Tai Ouuru was lost on the 15th of June on the West Coast. Twenty-seven persons were drowned..... The great Prince's Dock landing stages were burned at Liverpool. The fire will cause much inconvenience as well as heavy loss. It originated from the upsetting of a kettle of boiling tar. The damage is estimated at $1,000,000..... In the international Channel match from Havre to Southsea, the American yacht Enchantress came in first. The Corianne was second, but takes the first place by time allowance. The latter lost her topmasts and gaff. Ten yachts started.

Judge Blatchford, of New York, decided in a bankruptcy case that under the act of 1874 proceedings in involuntary bankruptcy can be commenced only after forty days' suspension of commercial paper, instead of fourteen days, as before..... Thomas Slavin, of Hazelton, and Alexander Lafferty, of Parsons, Pa., fought in the prize ring for $100 a side. They went into the ring at 4 o'clock in the morning and fought twenty-two rounds, when the battle was declared a draw. Both parties were badly punished about the body, but had few bruises in the head ..... The steamer Milbank of Sunderland, bound from Carthagena for Sunderland, was sunk off Dungeness by a collision with the steamer Hankow. Fifteen of the Milbank's crew were lost..... Beman Follett, of Saratoga, N. Y., twelve years ago had a child stolen from him. The thief or abductor recently died in Bellevue Hospital, New York but before dying made a confession, and the child, now a young man, is to be restored to his father..... In a performance at the Arcade Theatre, Jersey City, the acrobat and trapezist, Charles Hanlon, fell while swinging over the audience in a trapeze, twenty-five feet, and struck his side on a corner of a table. He was fatally injured..... A special dispatch to the St. Louis *Democrat* from Fort Union, N. M., says a band of fifty Kiowa and Comanche Indians killed five men near the monte of Ute creek, twenty miles south of Fort Bascom..... Several houses were blown away at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, during a storm..... Lizzie Parks, the little girl who had been missing from her home in Brockton, Mass., returned. She fled, through fear of punishment and after becoming lost in the woods finally reached South Hansom, where she was taken sick.

THE COST OF IT.—A Western philosopher discourses after the following wise: "Do you chew gum? The price of three pieces a week, at one cent apiece, amounts to $1 50 a year, or in sixty-seven years to $104 52. That sum will purchase a complete set of Appleton's Cyclopedia, a marriage license, a black bombazine dress for your aunt, a German silver coffin plate, and a cheroot! Cut this out, young man, and paste it on the back of your girl's photograph."

THE BOY MURDERER.

Details of the Murder of a Little Girl by the Pomeroy Boy and His Confession of the Crime.

On the 18th of March last, a little ten year old girl, named Katie Curran, living with her parents in South Boston, was sent to a store by her mother to make some small purchases. Having done this she went to another store to buy a school card for herself. Not finding the desired article at first she visited one or two other stores. The last which she entered was a little shop kept by Mrs. Ruth M. Pomeroy, at 327 Broadway. Little Katie failed to make her appearance at school that forenoon, and when one of her sisters returned to the humble home of her parents she inquired why Katie was not at school that morning. The mother was somewhat surprised, but supposed the child had probably taken a notion to stay away and pay a visit to some of her juvenile friends. The child, however, did not make her appearance during the afternoon, and at supper time, when the father returned, his wife mentioned to him with many motherly misgivings, that "Kittie was lost." The father, with an intuitive perception that some terrible evil had befallen his family, at once instituted inquiries in regard to his beloved child, and immediately proceeded to Station 6, where he laid the case before Captain Dyer. He was accompanied by his wife, and in the course of conversation she stated that a young boy, one of the missing girl's playmates, had told her that Katie had gone into Mrs. Pomeroy's store on Broadway. Mrs. Curran also stated that she had called at the store, where she had made inquiries for a girl attendant named Lizzie Chapin, in order to ascertain from her if she had entered the store after Jesse Pomeroy had opened it. In response to her queries, she received from Mrs. Pomeroy an unsatisfactory answer that the girl had gone into the country. After a few more questions the sorrowing mother took her departure, but her suspicions were terribly excited, and she sought her home, firmly convinced that Jesse Pomeroy was the cause of her child's mysterious absence. Filled with forebodings, she awaited the return of her husband, to who she communicated her fears, and, as before stated, she went with him to the station house.

When the Pomeroy boy was arrested for the murder of the Millen child there were not wanting many who said that he was connected with the disappearance of Katie Curran, who resided in close proximity to him. That such surmises were correct was verified in the most startling manner. Some workmen who were engaged in excavating the cellar of the building No. 327 Broadway made a terrible discovery. The building was formerly occupied by Mrs. Pomeroy and her son Jesse and an older son. While at work on the rear foundation wall quite a large stone fell over upon a heap of ashes, sixteen or eighteen inches deep. In removing the stone one of the workmen named McGinniss struck his pick into the heap, when out rolled a human skull. As may be expected, the workmen were very much horrified and startled at the ghastly spectacle. The flesh had not all disappeared, and the teeth, firmly set together, seemed, in the dim twilight, to give defiance to the frightened laborers. They suspended work, and at once reported their discovery to Captain Dyer, at the Sixth police station. The officers immediately proceeded with their investigations, and were reward by drawing from the ashes a piece of cloth, resembling a dress, and what appeared to be the remains of the body of a child. In an instant Officer Adams said, "This is the body of Kate Curran," and subsequent disclosures proved his conjectures to be facts. A dress, skirt and scarf were also taken from the heap, but were much soiled and faded, as would be the case after lying in a heap of dirt for four months.

Mrs. Curran was shown the cloth of the dress and scarf, and instantly recognized them as those her daughter wore on the day she disappeared, four months ago. The poor woman was frantic with grief and became almost crazy.

The place where the remains were found was the corner of a dark cellar, not far from the foot of the stairs, in a sort of recess made by the foundation walls, not over three feet wide, and into which ashes, dirt and rubbish had been thrown.

The boy Pomeroy confessed the murdes of the little girl, telling the following story: "I opened my mother's store on the morning of March 18, at half-past nine. The Curran girl came in for papers. I told her there was a store down stairs. She went down to about the middle of the cellar, and stood facing Broadway. I followed her, put my left arm about her neck, my hand over her mouth, and with my knife in my right hand cut her throat. I then dragged her to and behind the water closet, laying her head furthermost up the place, and put some stones and ashes on the body. I took the ashes from a box in the cellar. I sent a boy to Hoyt & Lawrence's store near by and bought the knife a week before for twenty-five cents. The knife was taken from me when I was arrested. When I was in the cellar I heard my brother at the inside door, which I had locked after the girl came in. I ran up stairs and found him going toward the cellar in Mitchell's part. He came back. Two girls worked in the store for mother. They usually got there about nine o'clock; mother came later. My brother Charles and I took turns in opening the store until about April. My mother and brother never knew anything about the affair. I forgot to tell you that I washed my hands and knife, which were bloody, at the water pipe."

It is noticeable that the boy did not confess to mutilating the body, as it was shown that he had, and the Chief did not ask him, as he did not know at the time that there were any signs that the body had been cut and slashed in a most fiendish manner. None of the garments were removed before he began the butchery.

A Horror of History.

After the battle of Sedgmore some fearful acts of cruelty were perpetrated by the Royalists, under Lord Feversham, which at the present time may seem almost incredible. Among the prisoners who were taken after the fight was a fine young man holding an ensign's commission under the Duke of Monmouth, and it was represented to Lord Feversham that he could show extraordinary feats of agility. With a promise that his life should be spared he submitted to be stripped, when one end of the halter was fastened round his neck and the other round that of a wild young colt. Man and horse started at a furious rate along the marshy ground, and had proceeded a distance of three-quarters of a mile when the horse fell exhausted. The young man now claimed his pardon, but the inhuman general ordered him to be immediately hanged. The space through which the man kept up with the horse (says Macaulay) is still marked by well-known bounds on the moor. The natives of the Zeylands speak of the "white lady," who was long seen about the great grave, dressed in white, and who died, bereft of reason, at Weston. She was the betrothed of this young soldier.

An Astonishing Story.

Here is a story which may well astonish all naturalists! In Murraysville, Cooke county, Tenn., a Mrs. Kennedy has for some years suffered great pains and "felt something running up and down her stomach." So at last, after some hospital treatment, she went for Perriam Gyles, M. D. This physician having summoned two of his brethren, an operation was undertaken. Surgical particulars are unnecessary. The result was that two living rattlesnakes, one 36, the other 32 inches long, were removed from the woman, and she is now perfectly well, while the snakes (in a stuffed state) adorn the museum of Col. John Stephens. Mrs. Kennedy says that several years ago "she swallowed two small, soft, white eggs" which she found in a field, "supposing them to be partridge eggs."

MY LIFE STORY.

My story is one of terror. I had been seriously overworked and curious symptoms of what I conceived to be cerebral disorder had made themselves felt. They took the form of what we call familiarly "absence of mind," though they were not fits of abstraction, but rather moments of blank unconsciousness. It was just nine o'clock when an awful sensation crept over me of moral fear. Something was taking place in my body which made my soul shudder, but which affected none of my senses. I was conscious, to speak properly, but was devoid of physical sensation. And I was conscious that consciousness was leaving me. All knowledge of events and of the external world passed away, and nothing remained but the cloudy cognition of my condition. I know that I had overtasked my brain, and I flung my books away, redoubling my exercise in the open air, and asking permission to absent myself from the classes for a week.

When I came to the city I lived at my aunt's house. There was in my aunt's house a girl employed originally as a chambermaid; a stout, healthy country girl, with red cheeks and round, dimpled arms, and a hearty laugh that rang through the mansion and had a strange charm for me. Owing to her own cleverness and honesty, as much as to my aunt's need of such a person, she became the housekeeper. Her name was Judy, but that atrocity had been softened into Ju, and it was only as Ju that I knew her for a long time. From the moment that I became an inmate of the place this girl attached herself to me with a pertinacious devotion that was remarkable. Understand me, it was the modest, respectful attachment of a sincere friend.

The girl kept out of my sight as much as possible, but she exerted an influence over me of a vital kind. I used to open my chamber of mornings, when she was bustling about the house, to listen to her laugh, for in it there was a subtle suggestion of health that was like the magnetism of outdoors. Whenever I came home late, no matter what the hour, I was sure that she had been waiting for me to come in. Well, the summer came on. It was generally understood that I was to marry Miss Featherstonaugh. No sooner had I recommenced my studies than my mental troubles returned. One morning I went to my window to pull up the shade preparatory to dressing. There was a church clock visible from the window, and I noticed that it was nine o'clock to the minute as I drew up the curtain. Then my fit came on. I despair of making you understand the nature of it or the intensity of my agony before and after it. I suppose that not more than three seconds elapsed between the lifting of my hand and the full paralysis of all my powers. But in that instant of time I suffered an eternity of terror. There I stood with only a dull, icy consciousness that I could not take my arm down and that life for me was suspended. Nor was this impaired consciousness continuous. It seemed to return after long, long intervals of utter extinction, like the glimmer of a distant light, to feebly irradiate for me the awful fact that I was there yet.

Dr. Birchell, our family physician, used to laugh at me much over my fears of evil. One day he said, "Your disease is the most harmless thing in the world. There's only one danger, and that is that your friends will bury you before your time. Now, that I confess is not comfortable; but, my dear fellow, neither is it probable."

Dr. Birchell went away and left us. One morning in October my aunt was taken suddenly ill, and a neighboring doctor was called in. He was a young man, remarkably handsome, and very skillful, and won the respect and confidence of the family at once. Finding him an intellectual student very much after my own mind, a rather warm friendship grew up between us, and he became a constant visitor at the house.

Now comes the most remarkable part of my narrative. This Dr. Cruden—that was his name—fell desperately in love with Ju. He had no hesitation in telling me of it, and in assuring me that the girl had inflamed him with a passion that it was beyond his power to control. He even made a clean breast of it to my aunt, and she, looking upon it as a rather romantic and every way desirable match for her housekeeper, placed no obstacle in the way. I very frequently joined them, and the doctor and I would go off into into a discussion far beyond the depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beaming in her quiet, healthy way. It was at such a time that I introduced the subject of catalepsy, and Cruden, seeing that Ju was intensely interested, gave an account of several cases of trance in which magnetic suspension of function had been mistaken for death. I remarked that there was a hereditary tendency in my family to this disease, and I expected to have it myself some day. Turning to her carelessly, I added, "If ever they should find me dead in my bed, Ju, don't you let them bury me till Dr. Cruden gives the word, will you?"

I recall now the look and tone with which that girl, resting her industrious fingers in her lap, replied as her eyes met mine, "No, I will not!" She had given a seriousness and an import to her answer that my assumed carelessness did not warrant.

Dr. Cruden's attachment to Ju, I will not deny it, annoyed me. Ju was doubtless flattered by his attentions, but he acknowledged to me that she gave him very little encouragement. One night I sauntered into the dining-room and found her alone with her work. I sat down familiarly and began to talk about him. I praised him at some length in a careless strain, when she interrupted me by asking in the blunt, direct way of a woman, "Do *you* like him?"

"I admire him," I replied. "He is a very clever man and must one of these days be a wealthy and influential one."

"He has asked me to marry him," she said quietly.

"Very well, Ju; if *you* like him nobody can say a word against it."

"No?" she responded interrogatively and, as I thought, plaintively. "Would *you* advise me to marry him?"

I felt that it was the appeal of a faithful, inexperienced creature to my honesty. I hesitated a moment and then answered: "No, I would not; for with all his cleverness I don't believe he would make you happy, Ju, and I have no reason to wish anything but happiness for one who has earned so much of my gratitude." As I said this Dr. Cruden entered the room. I believe that he heard the whole of the conversation. He saluted me as usual, but looked at me hard. The girl was cool and self-possessed and went on with her work; and I shortly afterwards left them together.

It must have been three nights later, when, as I was writing very late, I had a strange warning sensation in my back and arm. I then put away the work, took a shower-bath, went to bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

The first conscious impression that I received after that was of a muffled bell striking, while I seemed to be emerging slowly from the glooms and forgetfulness of the grave. Presently I comprehended that it was John, the waiter, knocking at my door, but it sounded to me as if he were hammering a bronze gate with a sledge. I tried to answer him, but could not utter a word. I tried to open my eyes, to move my arms, to struggle, to gasp—it was in vain. I was locked up in death's embrace. Ah, if one could only explain in words the horror of emotion without the power to express it! Then I endeavored to collect my thoughts, which in the agony of fear was hard enough. I heard my aunt's step on the stairs, and could even detect the rustle of her dress, and knew that she was attired for her morning ride. The door was pushed open. There was a scream, all manner of confused ejaculations and orders, and a fall as if my aunt had fainted. When she recovered she sent for the doctor, and for Ju, and then gave way to lamentations: "Oh, this is awful! So sudden! Oh, dear! what is to become of me, and poor Miss Featherstonaugh, too?" What a blow! It's to be a funeral instead of a marriage!"

I felt a rough hand laid upon my face, and the attempt made to close my mouth. It must have been John, for he said, "He's been dead several hours, ma'am. He's stone-cold."

After that my arm was with great difficulty laid by my side. I was placed on my back, and the sheet pulled up over my face. I knew, also, by the sound that they were darkening the room. Where, oh, where was Ju?

She came presently, after all the others had gone. John came with her. I heard her glad voice, and there was a strange balm in it. "There he is," said John. "There's no more work for him this side of the graveyard." She tore the sheet off my face, and I felt that she was looking at me intently. John was sauntering round the room on tiptoe, and carrying on the conversation.

The moment he was out of the room Ju came and dropped upon her knees at the head of the bed and wound her arms about me, and, laying her face upon mine, I could feel the wet lashes and the warm, wholesome breath as she tried to coax me with embraces back to life. But in vain. No fibre of my body could answer with an assuring tremor to her fidelity.

Dr. Cruden could not be found till afternoon.

When the doctor came in he went over to the window and sat down by Ju.

"Ah," said he, "so the poor fellow's gone. I expected this for some time!"

There was a sudden movement of a chair. Ju must have got up quickly, for the bed-clothes were moved and I heard her say: "You expected it, and so did he. I'm not sure that he's dead. Are you?"

"We'll soon determine that," he replied.

I felt his hand upon my heart with the unmistakable and inquisitive pressure of a doctor's fingers, felt the weight of his head as his ear was pressed down hard to catch the faintest murmur. My whole soul was concentrated into that effort as his hand was withdrawn. I thought he detected it, for his fingers went suddenly back as if for reassurance. His head was down upon my breast. I could hear him breathe. His mouth was close to my ear. No, he was whispering, "It's my turn now!" He said it twice. The awful import of the four words seemed to add some new paralysis to my system. My nature refused to believe in any revenge like this. He asked her to give him the little mirror from the shaving-case. I felt its cold surface placed on my lips, and I knew this was a horrible, hollow mockery. Then I heard him say, "He's dead! without any doubt, and been dead for six hours. It was heart disease!"

In that supreme instant hope died. I had then arrived at the long-dreaded crisis, and there was no longer any human help for me. Not a friend to stand by me.

Ju got up as the decision was pronounced. I felt that she and the doctor eyed silently looking each other in the eyes.

Suddenly she emitted a little cry, and was down by my side. Her warm fingers were in my hair. This lock on my forehead was lifted.

"Does a man turn gray when he is dead?" she asked with vehemence, and I felt the turning of her body as if she were looking him in the face and pointing to the lock that she held in her hand.

His answer was hesitating. Could she be detecting his duplicity in his countenance! And, believe me, the man capable of a monstrous crime was not equal to this emergency.

He stumbled. He betrayed himself. He replied, "Oh, that was gray before!"

If he had only carried his authority a little further and told her it was a common occurrence.

"It was, was it?" said the dear girl. She, who knew every look in my head, was not to be deceived in that direction. She got up and held the door open for him.

"Go and make out your certificate, Dr. Cruden. You may fool the world. But here I stay. And if you or any of the doctors in New York bury Adam Melton before I pronounce him dead you will have to bury me with him. Do you understand that?"

And the moment she was alone she had my head in her arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. "I don't know if you can hear me," she cried, with gasps and tears; "but I won't desert you. They'll have to tear me in pieces first. Do you hear? It's me—Ju. I want you to live. There's nobody else cares a bit. Perhaps, O God, you *are* dead! No, no, no, no, I did not mean that! *I know* better. O heavens, how cold you are. Don't mind me; I wouldn't do this if you weren't in danger. I'll stay here till you open your eyes. I'll bolt the doors. Not a soul shall come in. Not even *she*. She was to be your wife. Why she sent word that she preferred not to see you!"

And so on, in a broken rhapsody of grief and endearment.

But she was as good as her word. Down stairs the solemn preparations for the funeral were going on. It was officially given out that I had died of heart disease. The announcements were sent to the papers. The day of the funeral was fixed. Crape was ordered, letters of condolence were received. Nobody who has not been through my experience can know what a thin partition there is between the hopefulness of high health and the everlasting darkness of the tomb. Grief, affection, love itself is but a hurrying and a putting away the instant your heart ceases to beat.

I knew now that everything depended upon the bravery with which my staunch friend would hold out against the imperious conventional usages. And I confess that I had little hope that she would be able to resist the mistress of the house, backed as that mistress would be by science and law.

There were long gaps of time. I could not measure them. I heard the girl in the room, She appeared to be searching for something. John brought her up a lunch. I heard him tell her the coffin was down stairs and the men waiting to come up. And I was astonished to hear him refer to my having died yesterday. She must have been with me all night. And all through the lonely watches I had felt her warm, odorous palm upon my forehead at intervals, like an arm stretched out by heaven into hell.

The undertakers got into the room before she could prevent it. She ordered them out.

"Who are *you?*" one of them said, gruffly.

"I'm the nurse," she replied promptly. "We're not ready for sextons yet."

"Well," said the same gruff voice, "we're ordered to take the body down stairs, and we've got to do it."

"Easy," said somebody in a whisper. "Tell her we only want to move him from one room to another. Once under screws it'll be all right. We don't want a row. It won't do."

With that one of them put his arm under my head. There was a quick rustle of a dress. The arm was pulled suddenly away. I heard the click of my revolver, felt Ju's long hair sweeping my face, and knew she was standing over me like another Judith.

"If you touch him again," she said, "there'll be blood on it. Stand off! My life for it, he won't go out of this room till he's dead or I am!"

"The woman's stark mad," said the man's voice. "Come away. The Board o' Health'll have to lay 'em both out!"

She sprang after them and bolted the door. Once more I felt her at my bedside. "Dear, dear, I wonder if he *is* dead!" I heard her say in her distress. "O, what can I do, what *can* I do!"

Then there was a parley through the key-hole. It was my aunt's voice. "Ju," she said, "listen to me. In the name of decency come down stairs and don't make me send for an officer. You ought to know that you can't bring the dead to life by such conduct, and it's disgraceful. The whole house is in arms about it."

"I don't care for the house," replied Ju.

"What do you mean to do?" asked my aunt.

"I mean to keep him from being buried alive as long as I can, if I die for it."

"Didn't you hear what Dr. Cruden said?"

"Dr. Cruden lied!"

"Well, open the door; I must come in. You're delaying all the arrangements."

"I know I am. That's what I mean to do."

"Won't you open the door?"

"No."

"Then I shall have to get an officer and break it open. If you are convinced that Adam is alive, why don't you convince me?"

"I don't believe you *can* be convinced," said Ju. "You all of you want to hurry him to the grave. Why don't you send for Doctor—Doctor—Doc—tor Bir——" (She was trying to read the name on a card that she had found in my desk; it was printed in German text.)

"Doctor Birchell?" my aunt suggested. "If Doctor Birchell pronounces him dead will you promise to give up the room?"

"No," said Ju; "I'll never give him up till I can see that he's dead with my own eyes. But Dr. Birchell won't say so."

"Well, at all events, if Dr. Birchell comes, you'll open the door?"

"Yes, I will."

When she had gone Ju drew from her bosom Miss Featherstonaugh's letter and read it. She was shocked at the news of my death, and declared it was awfully annoying. She regretted she had no suit of black in which to attend the funeral, and for this reason could not attend it. The bearer of the letter was given to grief.

After reading the letter, Ju sprang up with a sudden impulse, pulled the clothes from my neck and arms, dashed cold water upon me, shook me with desperate force, moaning and gasping and sobbing the while in the greatest distress. What encouragement the poor creature had in all this heaven only knows. Her faith, her hope, and her fidelity are inexplicable to me to this day. While she was thus endeavoring to restore animation my feelings were of that numbed, despairing kind that no one can understand who has not been launched into the mid-ocean of hopeless horror. A sullen, faithless wonder took possession of me.

Suddenly an arrowy pain shot through me, and Ju gave a cry of joy. It was such a cry as a mother might give who pulls her offspring out of the flames. I felt the cool air on my face and caught the scent of the busy street as it came in my window. Intolerable pangs were darting through my body. My heart gave a leap. I gasped. Hot lava seemed to be pouring into my veins. I opened my eyes. My head was on her breast. Her arms held me lovingly. Her dark disheveled hair was sweeping round me like a protecting drapery. I locked up out of death into the life and victory of her tender face.

That woman had saved me.

About ten minutes later, Dr. Birchel bounced into the room. He said this would not have happened if he had been called. I will not weary you with what occurred after, except to say this: I put myself in his hands, for he promised to cure me if I would follow his directions explicitly. And that you may be sure I did eagerly. "The first thing, then, that you must do," said he, "is to get married. I don't care who you marry, but you *must* marry somebody, and somebody who is your opposite in every respect."

"But, my dear doctor," I remonstrated, "is it not the sublimity of meanness to fasten myself and my infirmity to a woman?"

"No sentimental nonsense. I'll get rid of the infirmity if you will do as I tell you. Hang it! your life's worth something to the community, if it isn't worth anything to yourself."

I did as he told me, and Ju is now my wife.

Driving Them Off.

How the farmers of Wright county, Iowa, drove away the grasshoppers is revealed by the local paper. The crops in that country were abundant, and anxious husbandmen were in hopes that these destructive pests would not appear until after harvest. At once they came, however, in clouds that darkened the sun. By a preconcerted plan, the farmers set fire to piles of dry straw on the borders of the wheat-fields, and smothered the flames with green hay. That caused volumes of smoke to roll over the fields. The grasshoppers didn't relish this procedure at all. They rose with such a multitudinous hum of wings as to deepen into a roar like distant thunder, and fled the country. In that way the Wright county farmers have a fair prospect of saving the crops.

The Skeptical Convinced.

Every advance in Medicine, every new remedy has encountered an opposition, which is the test of truth. Galen and Jenner only were believed when they had proved their discoveries against opposition. But men are observing, and benefits always make believers. No incredulity can stand the silent argument of good results. When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medicinal herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system and cure diseases not organic, the incredulous shook their heads. Yet his Vinegar Bitters is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. The truth could not be resisted. Under the operation of the new remedy Dyspeptics regained their health, appetite and strength, the Bilious and Constipated were relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recovered; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers were broken up; the taint of Scrofula was eradicated! Who could gainsay facts like these? Not even the Faculty. Skepticism was routed. All doubt as to the claims of the Bitters to the first place in the first rank of modern medicines were silenced, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative, and Blood Depurent ever advertised in America. In common with other journalists, we are free to add our testimony to this remedy. It is a domestic medicine, and no household should be without it.—*Com.*

The Best Sewing Machine.

The best sewing machine for all purposes made is, beyond question, the Remington. It will do a greater variety of work, with less noise and physical exertion, than any in the market. It is so simple that a child can manage it, and so durable that we can see no reason why one, with ordinary care, should not last a lifetime.

This point we desire to call especial attention to. The Remington is made by the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y., whose arms are known the would over.

They have the entire confidence of the governments of the world, for the reason that they never turned out a poor weapon, nor, indeed, way but the best. Quality is what they pride themselves upon, for it was their capital at the beginning. The same rigid honesty that they held to in the manufacture of arms, they have carried into their sewing machine. They are made of the best material attainable, and no labor or expense is spared to finish them in such a way as to make them do a great deal more than is claimed for them. The name "Remington" is a sufficient guarantee to any one who knows the Company.

The Company desire Agents in every county in the United States. We can say that the machine, because of its excellence, is a good one to handle, and of the Company that their employees are certain of fair and liberal treatment. Write to Remington Arms Company, Ilion, N. Y.—*Com.*

Attend to the first symptoms of Consumption, and that disease may be checked in its incipiency. Use immediately Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, a safe remedy in all diseases of the lungs.—*Com.*

To have the money needlessly spent every year would give substantial comfort to almost every person. To have the money saved by buying SILVER TIPPED boots and shoes would buy each parent every year a new pair of shoes.—*Com.*

Every man in buying a paper collar wants to get as near an imitation of linen as possible. The only collars that look like linen are the Elmwood and Warwick. This is not only in the folded edges but in the finish.—*Com.*

A Mammoth Dispensary.

"Among the notable physicians of this country, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands deservedly high." He has obtained professional eminence through strictly legitimate means, and fully deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. A thorough and careful preparation for his calling and extensive reading, during a long and unusually large practice, have made him extraordinarily successful in his private practice, and gained the commendation even of his professional brethern. By devoting his attention mainly to certain specialties he has been rewarded in a very great degree, and in these lines is recognized as a leader. Not a few of his preparations compounded for these special cases have been adopted and are used in their private practice by physicians throughout the country, and his pamphlets and larger works upon these subjects have been welcomed as valuable additions to medical literature, and placed among the regular text-books of many medical schools. Acknowledgment of the service which he has performed for medical science has been made by presentation of degrees from two of the first medical institutions of the land, and by the translation of several of his works into German, Spanish, and other foreign languages. The increasing demand for his specific some time since necessitated the opening of a regular dispensary for their preparation, and from a small beginning the business of this establishment has now grown to mammoth proportions. Thus during the 18 months ending March 31, 1874, the sum expended for postage alone, not to speak of that paid on newspapers, amounted to $2,089.70. Over a hundred persons are employed in the various departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians are retained as an advisory board in difficult cases. Elsewhere in to-day's *Republican* a whole page is devoted to a communication from Dr. Pierce, setting forth something of the history and details of this vast establishment, which will be found not uninteresting reading."—*St. Louis Republican.*

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist—use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, or blood cleansing, and an unequalled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seed, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription—an unequaled remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over